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WITH SUPPLEMENT: (SIXPENCE.
THE LATE MR. J. A. FROUDE) BY POST, 6^½D.



THE ILLNESS OF THE CZAR: PRAYING FOR ALEXANDER III. AT THE GOSTINI-DVOR CHAPEL, NEVSKY PROSPECT, ST. PETERSBURG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The correspondent of an Indian newspaper has been made hay of in that country (where the sun is always shining) for suggesting that the envelope of a telegram should be made to indicate by its tint the nature of the news it conveys. Rose colour (one concludes) for a marriage or an engagement, grey for serious information, and black for death. This it is thought would break sad news to the nervous recipient, and prevent him from feeling apprehensions when they were unnecessary. To many persons I do not think the idea will appear ridiculous. It is all very well for commercial people, to whom a telegram is no more formidable than a post-card, but to nervous folks who live in the country the yellow envelope comes like a bomb-shell: they don't know what is inside it, but have a well-grounded suspicion that it is something very unpleasant. Friends do not wire to them to say, "We dine at seven instead of half past," or "Tell Jack to bring my cigar-case"; to employ electricity for such messages seems to them little short of blasphemous; it never comes to them without a shock. On the other hand, it will require a great deal of judgment and discretion in the post-office officials, for it is just possible that the news of a marriage may be a terrible disappointment, and that of a death have its very considerable consolations. However, in the country everything is known about everybody (especially at the post-office), and I do not see why this chromatic scale should not be used by those who prefer it, like local option.

It is sometimes said that very little ever comes from advertising for missing relatives. This may be very true as regards the relatives themselves, but it affords a good opportunity for misrepresentation. An individual has got into trouble for answering the bitter cry of widows whose sons have deserted them. He writes in each case to say that he is sorry to have done it, and would gladly return home if he had the money to pay his railway fare. Upon the sums thus advanced to him he existed comfortably enough till one of the widows, impatient to see her repentant offspring, found a prodigal indeed, but not the right one.

It is probable that, beyond the small ingenuity that suggested this device, this fraudulent individual had but little imagination. Otherwise, and "waiving the quantum of the sin," one can hardly conceive a more dramatic and exciting position. To put oneself in the place of another is always something of a feat, and to do so in the case of half-a-dozen folks, any one of whom may turn up at any moment, must be a situation full of excitement. One must have for this kind of thing an iron nerve, as well, of course, as audacity—"L'audace, et l'audace, et toujours l'audace"—and it was a proof of weakness in the gentleman in question that he did not stick to his story in spite of the old lady's denunciation. There would have been the opportunity for an impersonator of resource. Nor would his chance be so hopeless as it would appear, since he would have all his wits about him, and the adversary—from a righteous indignation—would be probably half out of his mind. It was the absence of this natural emotion which caused a well-known novelist to ticket the Claimant as an impostor at the beginning of the Tichborne trial. He had written to one of his backers to say that he had "received a capital testimonial" from an officer in his late regiment. "That is not the language of a man who is establishing his own identity," said this student of human nature, "but of one who wishes to persuade others of it." If he had been an honest man he would have spoken of any corroboration of his story as a matter of course, and of any denial of it from one who had been a familiar companion with vehemence and passion. Thinking over many crimes, from the story-teller's point of view, I have always found that of the pretender most attractive. A good plan, in my opinion, would be for him to go down to the locality where the other man had lived, and so manage matters that it should first occur to the inhabitants themselves that he was the person he wished to represent. This would give him a much better start than any assertions of his own, as well as afford every opportunity for getting up local details. Whether it is preferable to misrepresent a deceased or a living person is a matter that each adventurer must decide for himself. It is, in fact, a question of nerves. The former course is the safer as regards the chance of detection, and relieves one from the horrible risk of one's *alter ego* popping up like a Jack-in-the-Box; but the other one—the misrepresentation of the dead—must give very eerie and unpleasant sensations in the lone watches of the night to a culprit with an imagination. It was doubtless the entire absence of this attribute that permitted the Claimant to grow so fat. It is curious, considering the amount of our criminal literature, how very little we know of the back of the criminal mind; how his delinquencies appear to *himself*; what pleasure, if any, he takes in the excitements which attend them; and whether we are to believe the poet, who tells us that when even the burglar is not occupied with crime, church-bells have the same attraction for him as for us good people.

There is, it would seem, a somewhat similar difficulty in getting at the views of the rising generation as regards

light literature—for as to the heavier sort there is no doubt. They are unwilling—perhaps, as far as their nature permits them, they are even a little ashamed—to confess their literary proclivities; one finds it, at all events, very difficult to discover what books they like. On the other hand, they honestly tell us what they "can't stand." They can't stand Scott. He is too diffuse for them—too long in coming to his situations, and too Scotch. Some of these objections have my sympathy; yet when I say, "But his novels are so various: 'The Antiquary' has a good deal of dialect, but that is not the case with 'Ivanhoe,'" they are silent. The fact is, they are misled by the custom, common even among the critics, of treating Scott as a whole. Whereas, from the point of view of a reader, the authors of "The Monastery" and of "Ivanhoe" seem to be hardly the same person. One may add, perhaps, that the present taste for snippets has set them against long stories of any kind. Just as instead of an honest pipe they now take half-a-dozen cigarettes, so they prefer the novelette to the novel. I do not find that they care for "Monte Cristo," and still less for "Vanity Fair"; when I tell them of the universal delight with which "Pickwick" was received by their fathers in their youth, they do, indeed, acknowledge that the trial scene is "ripping good," but it generally turns out that they have not read it, but only seen it on the stage. Is it to be supposed that when these young persons grow up they will have better taste? I fear not; for literature, like the chicken-pox, except it is taken early is seldom taken at all. However, what gives one hope in this matter is the patronage, I am told, that is extended by the rising generation to the historical novels of Dr. Doyle and Mr. Weyman. They are described, in the artless language of youth, as "stunning." Is it not possible that the taste for this class of fiction may be revived, and Scott himself become once more popular with our young people? The result of one attempt to ascertain this fact is described to me as unsatisfactory. A youth enraptured with "My Lady Rotha" was given "Quentin Durward," as being a novel of a similar kind. But the length of the introduction was too much for him. "Have you not got through that story yet?" inquired the experimentalist after a decent interval. "Through it?" replied the other with the frankness of youth. "I have not yet got to it."

In connection with the subject of letters sent by strangers to authors alluded to in last week's "Notes," a correspondent reminds me of those which are addressed to an author with the object of pointing out his errors. This may not be a high class of criticism, but it is one of a very effectual sort and which cannot be ignored. It may not always be suggested by good-nature, but very rarely, I believe, by malignity; in the majority of cases its intention is obviously friendly, and should be taken by the recipient as no little compliment. For why should a stranger, unless he took interest in his works, give himself the trouble to indicate what is amiss in them? Many a time during the progress of a serial have I been indebted to a correspondent of this sort, not, indeed, for the avoidance of an error, but for the elimination of it in volume form. Sometimes, I am sorry to confess, a mistake has been pointed out which, had the professional critic paid as much attention to the matter as my volunteer correspondent, might have had serious consequences. My novel "By Proxy" I had the pleasure to find was universally ascribed to one who had lived in China. One who *did* live there, however, and who was so good as to compliment me upon its successful portrayal of Celestial life, added the following observation: "The only thing I find amiss with your story is, that since the religion of the mandarins and the people is utterly different, the former would have taken no cognisance of the stealing of the relic." Only that and nothing more, but it struck, of course, at the very root of my story. Even this week I am good-naturedly rebuked for having stated that Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans," was in love with the younger of the two sisters, whereas it was Cora, the elder, for whom he entertained a hopeless passion. I have no doubt my correspondent is correct. Another writes: "On reading your 'Note Book' in last issue of *Illustrated London News*, I was reminded of an incident which took place about thirty years ago. I was then staying with the head chief of the Tuscaroras, near Niagara Falls. He was also Grand Sachem of the Six Nations. Pointing to his grandson, he said, 'He Mohegan.' Of course, I was very much taken aback. I said, 'But I thought he was your son's son, and you are Tuscarora.' His reply was, 'My son marry Mohegan girl, so he Mohegan.' He told me the children always take the tribe of the mother. So, perhaps, Uncas left some sisters." If he did, I really think that Uncas, who was a perfect gentleman, would not have utterly ignored them; if such a topic had been within his reach, he would certainly have dwelt upon it to Cora, instead of only saying (however impressively), "Ugh!"

A poor lady, I read, has died from sea-sickness on board a steamer. This happens probably much oftener than is supposed. Voyages are good for some folks, no doubt, chiefly those to whom the "Salisbury system" is recommended—persons who eat and drink too much, and whose livers want shaking up—but they are a very severe trial to

(literally) delicate stomachs. There is a popular notion that after a day or two the nausea produced by pitching and tossing ceases; but as a matter of fact some people never get over it. Even Nelson always suffered when he first put to sea, though when the enemy came in sight he managed to recover wonderfully. There is a curious story told of a rich man coming home from India, who broke a blood-vessel from this ailment, and was put out at the Cape to save his life. Here he was attended by a clever young surgeon who speedily brought him round. Still, it seemed clear that unless he risked almost certain death he would remain an exile for life. Then the surgeon hit upon a scheme to help him: he invented a swing couch, which hung from the ceiling of the cabin, and was somehow independent of the motion of the ship itself. It so far answered its purpose, at all events, that the man was brought home alive, and proved not ungrateful to his scientific young friend. It is said that the same plan was made use of by George IV. when he went over in his yacht to Ireland, but by no means with complete success. "Georgey-Porgey," however, must have been a bad subject for sea-sickness. I remember an old country gentleman telling me that it was nonsense to say that money could not save life, for it had saved his own. Crossing over to Ireland by the sailing-packet of those old days he became so frightfully sea-sick that a surgeon who happened to be on board pronounced that a few hours more of it would be fatal to him. The patient, therefore, empowered him to speak with the captain about returning; the captain laid the case before the other passengers, and at a cost of two thousand pounds, distributed to various persons, the vessel was put about and retraced her course. Sea-sickness is one of those ailments which is made the subject of ridicule by those who have not suffered from it; but, as De Quincey said of toothache, if it were a dangerous disease it would be one of the worst to which human nature is subject; and with sea-sickness there is sometimes no "if" in the case.

"Under the Red Lamp" is not to be confused—as, however, it is certain to be—with "Under the Red Robe." Both books, as it happens, are written by historical novelists, and very good ones, but there all similarity ceases. The title of Dr. Conan Doyle's work is owed to no Cardinal, but to the coloured light with which medical men advertise their profession by night, and treats of the experiences of "the Profession." He has, it seems, been remonstrated with upon so doing, as the subject must needs be painful, but replies that it is the province of fiction "to help to emphasise the graver side of life." This is a very different matter from writing stories with an unhappy end for the purpose of making readers miserable. The book is, indeed, composed of leaves from life, and is far and away the best view that has been vouchsafed us behind the scenes of the consulting-room. Though very superior to "The Diary of a Late Physician," it is doubtful, however, whether it will attain its great popularity. It looks at matters invariably from the professional point of view, and, unlike Mr. Warren's book, eschews sentiment almost entirely. There are exceptions, indeed, as in the story called "The Curse of Eve," a most touching description of an anxious husband, which invests a commonplace personage with a pathetic interest similar to that which environs Amos Barton in the "Stories of Clerical Life." To my mind, "A Medical Document" and "The Surgeon Talks" are the most enthralling of Dr. Doyle's narratives. Not the least interesting part of them are the reflections they contain, which look facts in the face in a very unaccustomed manner. I shall be curious to see whether the attention of theologians is called to them—a class, however, who do not much concern themselves with fiction, and seem to be under the impression that their indifference is shared by the world at large. Dr. Doyle himself is playfully satirical upon his adopted calling. "In novels," he says, "the small complaints, I notice, do not even exist. No one gets quinsy, or shingles, or mumps in a novel." This is a hint a humorous story-teller might take with advantage. Think of Angelina having the mumps and Edwin catching them from her! Both with preposterously swollen cheeks, but as loving as ever! Or the possibility of infection might be made a test of fidelity, and one glance at her cheek be sufficient to break off the engagement. "Heart disease," says our author, "is common, but then heart disease, as we know it, is usually the sequel of some foregoing disease, of which we never hear anything in the romance. Then there is the mysterious malady called brain fever, which always attacks the heroine after a crisis, but which is unknown under that name to the text-books. People when they are over-excited in novels fall down in a fit. In a fairly large experience I have never known anyone do so in real life. All the diseases, too, belong to the uppermost part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt." It is rather hard to find one of our own fraternity thus exposing our little weaknesses, but it is done with a light (surgeon's) touch and a good-natured smile. As to the book itself, one cannot characterise it better than in the words of one of its characters: "A side of life which may be too medical for the general public, and too romantic for the professional journals, but which contains some of the richest human materials that a man could study."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ILLNESS OF THE CZAR.

The daily reports in foreign newspapers of the condition of the Emperor Alexander III., who remains at his palace of Livadia, near Yalta, on the south coast of the Crimea, do not seem to be authentic; it is understood that the imperial household and the physicians in attendance have been ordered to refuse public information. There is at present no sign of a very speedy fatal termination of the malady, but no one ventures to express any belief in his Majesty's recovery; he may yet continue to live many days, even a few weeks. He sleeps intermittently at night and rises in the morning, but can take little food, and does not gain strength. The disease, it is feared, is cancer of the kidneys, the probable end of which is death by blood-poisoning. Some physicians think it is remotely due to internal injuries received several years ago by contusions of the body when the imperial railway train at Borki, in the South of Russia, was wrecked by the contrivance of a gang of Nihilist conspirators; but there may have been other natural causes for such a malady. In the meantime prayers for the Czar are daily offered by the Russian Church in every national place of worship attended by large congregations of the people, and the scene in the great Cathedrals of Moscow and St. Petersburg is very imposing. Our Illustration represents that which is witnessed at the Gostini-Dvor Chapel, on the Nevsky Prospect, in the latter city. We present also views of the Winter Palace there, and of the Palace of Peterhof, on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, recently visited by the Princess of Wales and her daughters upon the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Xenia, as well as views of Livadia and Yalta. The Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Nicholas, heir to the Imperial Crown, and his brother, the Grand Duke George, are with their parents at Livadia. The Empress has been threatened, amid her terrible anxieties, with an attack of nervous fever, but it appears to have subsided. Princess Alix of Hesse, the intended bride of the Czarevitch, the granddaughter of our Queen, accompanied by the Grand Duchess Serge, arrived at Livadia on Monday evening, Oct. 22, and it is expected that, at the urgent wish of the Czar, the formal betrothal will take place, in his Majesty's presence, within two days. The situation of the afflicted imperial family excites much compassionate sympathy in every country in Europe; and the character of Alexander III., as a just, benevolent, and humane ruler, always desirous of peace, is attested by general consent in all parts of the world.

THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The promotion of Mr. Frank Lockwood to the post of Solicitor-General, made vacant by Sir John Rigby's elevation to the Bench, and Sir Robert Reid's succession to the Attorney-Generalship, has given widespread satisfaction. Mr. Frank Lockwood is one of those happy men—the party politicians who are liked by their contemporaries, and who never cause angry passions to rise even in the midst of hotly contested elections. So great is the esteem in which the new Solicitor-General is held that his opponents at York have bound themselves by a self-denying ordinance not to oppose his re-election for that city. At the Bar the Solicitor-General has made a distinct reputation as the cross-examiner before whom the unsophisticated witness quails. Mr. Lockwood's ready humour has never failed to relieve the tedium of a dull case, and his clever pencil has frequently convulsed his professional brethren with pictorial quips. His present advancement is something more than the reward of party services, for it is the recognition of politics which lead to judgeships, and as a judge some day Mr. Frank Lockwood will, we have no doubt, exhibit that fine knowledge of the world which is such an important factor in the best administrators of the law. He was born in 1846, educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at Caius College, Cambridge; he studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1872. It is worthy of remembrance that, together with Sir Robert Reid, he acted as counsel for the Irish Nationalists before the Parnell Commission.

CUTTING FAGGOTS AT THE LAW COURTS.

A curious ancient ceremonial or quit-rent service, annually performed by the City of London Corporation, as tenants of certain Crown lands situated near Bridgenorth in Shropshire, took place on Monday, Oct. 22, at the Royal Courts of Justice, in the office of the Queen's Remembrancer, Mr. G. F. Pollock. It was formerly done in open Court, before the Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, which office became extinct in 1856. The land in question, still officially described as "a piece of waste ground called 'The Moors,'" is now a small farm, at Eardington, about two miles from Bridgenorth. The feudal service by which it has been held during seven centuries at least is the act of cutting asunder two faggots of wood, one with a hatchet, the other with a bill-hook. It has been conjectured that, upon some occasion when one of our old kings, Norman or Plantagenet, was hunting in the neighbourhood, he was saved from imminent danger, occasioned by the fierce onslaught of an infuriated boar, by the timely arrival and assistance of a sturdy yeoman who was cutting faggots. The King may have rewarded this man with a perpetual grant of the "Mora," the Moor, or waste land, upon condition of his coming yearly to the

royal Court and presenting a couple of faggots cut open in presence of the King's official representative. The earliest recorded notice of this tenure occurs in a Roll of Serjeants of 13 John, 1211. The property afterwards passed to the City Corporation of London. The ceremony on Oct. 22 this year was performed by the City Solicitor, who was accompanied by the Secondary of the City of London and several other officers of the Corporation. Proclamation was first made, calling upon the tenants and occupiers of the land to come forth and do their service.

Another act, of a similar character, was immediately afterwards performed by the City Solicitor, for a plot of ground in the parish of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, anciently occupied by a forge, upon condition of an annual quit-rent of counting six horseshoes and sixty-one hobnails.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The rumour of a battle on the Yalu River, on the frontier between Corea and the north-eastern province of China, where the Japanese army was said to have been repulsed with heavy loss, has not been confirmed. There is a Chinese report of an encounter on Oct. 22, at Wi-ju, where the Japanese retired, losing three thousand men. But Chinese forces are being gathered for the defence of Kirin, farther north in Manchuria, and of Mukden, the sacred city of the imperial dynasty, and Fung-ting-fu, another large city in the province of Shing-King. It is doubtful whether the

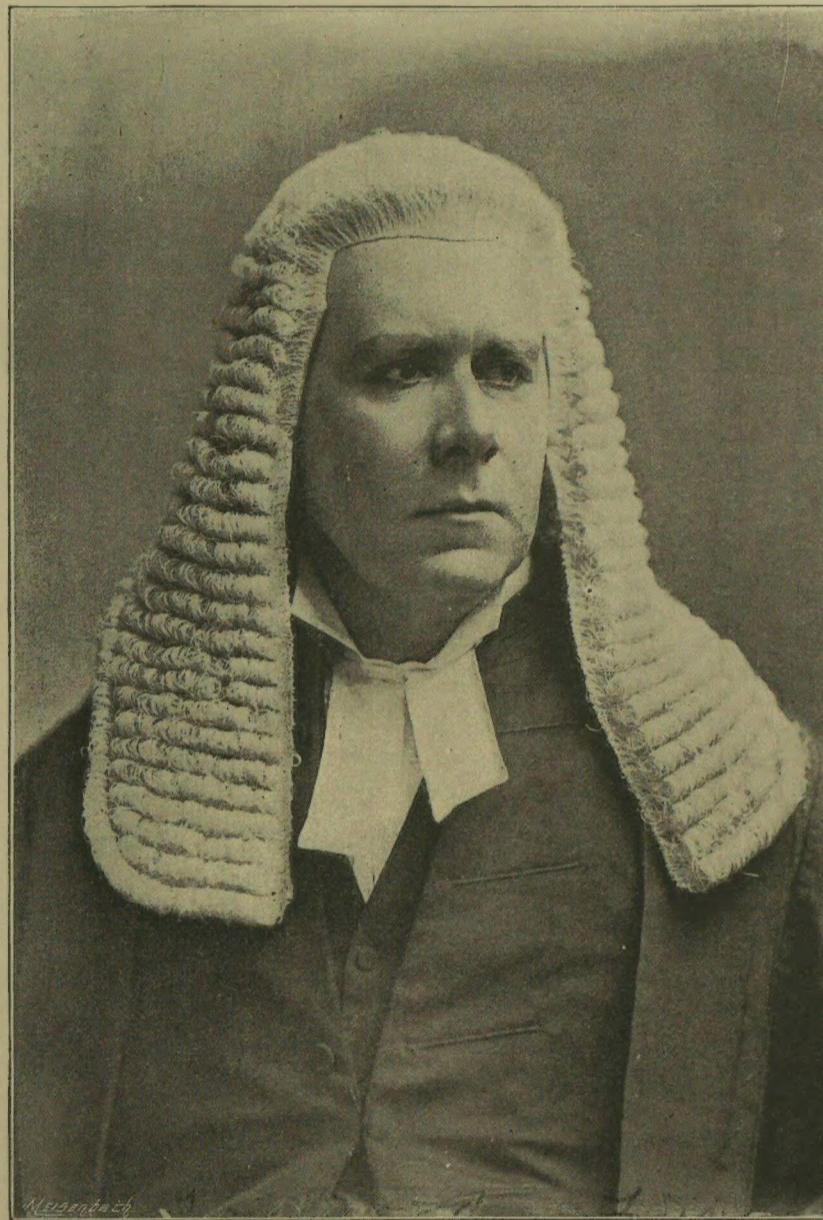
be little doubt that among living historians Dr. Stubbs is the greatest. Second to him, however, we recall the name of Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who, it can scarcely be doubted, will succeed Mr. Froude as Regius Professor of History. Mr. Gardiner's claims upon that post are of the very highest kind. He has taken, perhaps, the most debatable period in all history—the time from the accession of James I., in 1603, to the period of the Commonwealth—and has painted a picture which disarms the criticism of those who have felt strongly and deeply on one side or the other. The reader of Gardiner, if he accepts the quiet and sober estimates of the author of these volumes, will no longer launch into panegyrics of Cromwell, into philippics against Charles I. He will note a careful weighing of the actions of the great men of that exciting period, he will see their mistakes candidly dealt with, their wrong actions properly recognised, and numbers of good ones counted to their credit. He will rise from the book with a clearer knowledge of James and Charles and Cromwell than he would have obtained from Lingard, from Macaulay, from Carlyle, from any of the other great writers who have made that period a subject of special research.

The next name which occurs to one in connection with modern history is Professor Seeley, of Cambridge, or Sir John Seeley, as one has now learned to call him. Professor Seeley made his earlier reputation as a writer of works which might be considered to belong rather to the region of theology than to that of history; his "Ecce Homo," it may be remembered, took the world by storm. He is, however, first of all an historian, and his "Life and Times of Stein" is one of the most monumental biographies of the era, and indicates the writer's enormous grip of the French Revolutionary period. A little book dealing with the life of Napoleon has also been added to his achievements in this direction. As Regius Professor at Cambridge, he has done much to add a dignity to a post which at least one of his predecessors treated somewhat cavalierly: Canon Kingsley, whom Professor Seeley succeeded, looked upon history as rather a "Mississippi of falsehood," to use Matthew Arnold's phrase. Professor Seeley considers picturesque history in the same light, but he believes the work which is being done by Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Gardiner is on a totally different plane, and in his own teaching he has lived up to his ideal. His lectures, moreover, on the expansion of England were calculated to make the Young England of his own University feel the great things which might be associated with British dominion the wide world over. The last, and practically the only other living historian who can be mentioned in the same breath with the three to whom we have referred, is Mr. William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Mr. Lecky fills a similar place among serious historians for the eighteenth century to that occupied by the great writers we have named for the seventeenth and earlier times. Mr. Lecky, it is generally understood, is too prosperous to become a candidate for a chair of history, and the same may be said of Dr. Crichton, Bishop of Peterborough, and Dean Kitchin, two ecclesiastics whose historical work is worthy of the very highest praise. There are a few men who, like Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Oscar Browning, have done good work in a small and quiet way, but on the whole, there is no possible candidate for the Chair of Regius Professor of History other than Mr. Gardiner; and when Professor Seeley resigns his post—which one hopes may be long hence—one can think of no successor in any way fitted to occupy his chair.

EMINENT DOCTORS.

The assemblage of portrait figures in our large Engraving presents some of the highest in repute among contemporary members of the noble scientific professions of medicine and surgery in this country. There is no other profession requiring a high degree of intellectual culture and proficiency in special studies not within the comprehension of ordinary laymen, the practical utility and even necessity of which, for the social welfare and for the preservation of families and of individuals, will be so universally admitted.

Private experience, as well as public acquaintance with the calamities that befall the most powerful and wealthy of mankind, in youth or in middle life as in old age, not less than the poorest and the humblest in rank, must continually impress upon our minds the great value of those services which are rendered to society by the men competent to discern, if possible to cure, but in most cases to alleviate, the maladies to which we are liable—to save or to prolong life, to restore health, sometimes entirely, in other instances to a tolerable degree, allowing some time and a little strength for the performance of cherished intentions. Every person who reflects upon his or her own position in serious illness, or who has witnessed the anxieties of others in a similar condition, must be aware that, besides the physical suffering of the patient, great solicitude is usually felt on account of the threatened destruction of plans and hopes, often the most unselfish and affectionate, by approaching death; and it is frequently within the power of medicine, where no promise of a complete recovery can be held out, to gain time, perhaps many months, for the accomplishment of objects which a sense of duty or natural kindness may demand, so that the spirit may depart in peace. Modern physicians have achieved within the past half-century more in this way, and also in finding means to preserve for many years the lives of invalids who would, in former generations, have died early, than could have been imagined to be possible in former times.

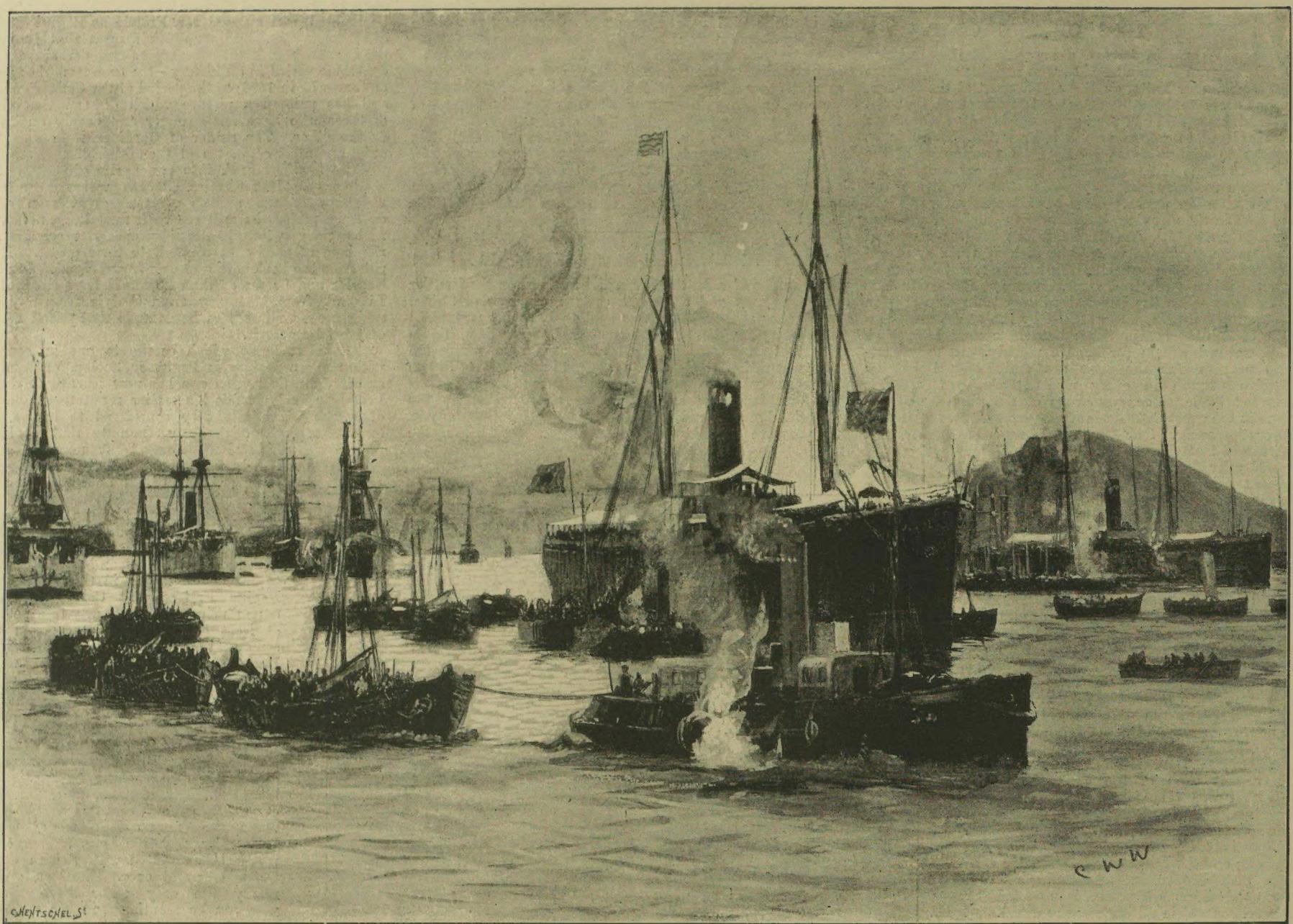


MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Japanese invaders can advance so far by land before the winter makes the country impassable. The Japanese fleet is collected at Ping-Yang under Admiral Ito, but is confronted, on the opposite side of the Gulf of Corea, by the Chinese fleet at Wei-Hai-Wei. There is no immediate danger of an attack on Tientsin or a march to Pekin. We are indebted to an officer of H.M.S. *Leander* for a sketch of the landing of some Japanese troops at Chemulpo, in Corea, seven or eight weeks ago, in the presence of British, French, German, and American ships of war.

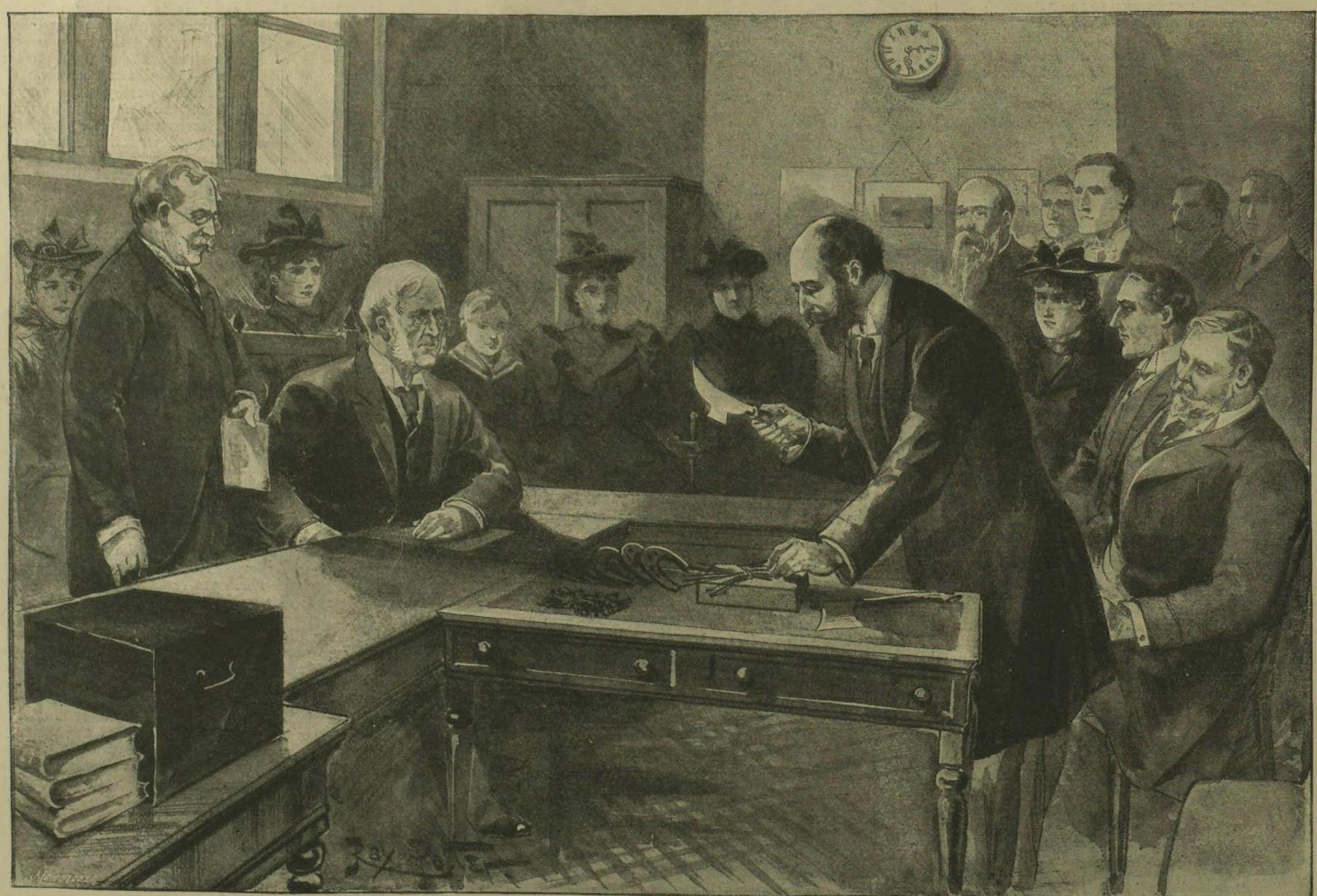
OUR LEADING HISTORIANS.

The death of Mr. Froude serves as an opportunity for summarising the present position of historical study in this country. At its very head, of course, is Bishop Stubbs, one of Mr. Froude's predecessors in the Chair of History at Oxford, who was followed in the Professorship by his friend Dr. Freeman, and afterwards by Mr. Froude. He is best known by his "Constitutional History," perhaps the most absolutely scientific contribution to English history that our age has known. Mr. Freeman had always certain axes to grind, in spite of the air of impartiality which he managed to throw over the events that he records so strikingly; Dr. Stubbs has never given way to partisanship of any kind. His "Constitutional History" is a monument of research, and, moreover, it is intensely interesting—far more interesting than the companion books by Hallam and Sir Erskine May, which, together with Dr. Stubbs's work, give us a continuous history of the British Constitution. There can



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: JAPANESE TRANSPORTS LANDING TROOPS AT CHEMULIO, COREA, SEPT. 9.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. W. Wyld, of H.M.S. "Leander."



CEREMONY OF CUTTING FAGGOTS (ANCIENT RENT SERVICES) AT THE LAW COURTS.



ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT FAGGOT-CUTTING CEREMONY AT THE LAW COURTS.

PERSONAL.

By the polling, on Oct. 17, at the Birkenhead election, Mr. Elliott Lees, the Conservative candidate, won the seat with a majority of 106 over Mr. W. H. Lever. He is thirty-four years of age, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. E. Lees, and is a Dorsetshire squire, educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. Since 1885 he has contested or been nominated for several boroughs, Droitwich, Rochdale, Oldham, Pontefract, and was recently proposed for Taunton; he gained the seat for Oldham in 1886, but lost it again in 1892, together with his colleague, Mr. J. M. Maclean. The polling at Birkenhead this time was larger than at former elections, but has left the political representation as before.

The sudden death at Brussels, at an early age, of Miss Augusta de Grasse Stevens, sister of Lady Evans, the wife of Sir F. Evans, K.C.M.G., and M.P. for Southampton, removes a lady who on both sides of the Atlantic had in a comparatively few years established a literary and social reputation of no mean account. The daughter of the Hon. Samuel Stevens—an American political man of the best type, who had been the intimate friend of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay—Miss Stevens, although born at Albany, New York, was connected also with New England, where Washington Irving was her father's friend. She had, moreover, a strain of French blood in her veins derived from her maternal great-grandfather, Admiral Count de Grasse, whom Rodney defeated in the West Indies. Miss Stevens was educated in Boston, and afterwards in Paris, and at a very early age showed literary capabilities. Her first work which attracted attention was "Old Boston," in which the influence of Washington Irving's example was plainly evident. The scene of her next novel, "Weighed in the Balance," showed the results of her stay in this country. This was followed by the "Lost Dauphin"—the young child of Louis XVI., who, as many people still believe, did not die in the Prison du Temple, but was conveyed to America. "Miss Hildreth," which was Miss Stevens's last work, bore evidence of her longer residence in Europe and her acquaintance not only with "society," but with the subjects interesting people of various classes in Paris, St. Petersburg, and elsewhere. Clever as her novels undoubtedly were, it was by the charm of her conversation and the brilliancy of her repartee that Miss Stevens showed, like many other instances of ready wit, the results of blending the Anglo-Saxon and French races.

The Russian "miracle-worker" who was reported to have been summoned to the Czar's bed-side is one Father Ivan, a priest whose cures have long been the talk of St. Petersburg. His ante-room is crowded daily like that of a fashionable physician, and he ministers chiefly to the poorest of his fellows. His method in severe cases seems to be to have the patient rubbed with oil, and then to repeat a verse from St. James. The more prosaic practitioners of the healing art aver that Father Ivan is successful with certain diseases chiefly by means of hypnotic suggestion. He appears to be a person of most estimable character, and is in a fair way to become a saint of the Eastern Church.

The Duchess of Rutland on Oct. 18 opened a new building for the Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution at Derby. Her Grace was met by the Mayor of Derby, the Bishop of Derby, Mr. J. Bailey (Chairman of the Board of Management), Sir Thomas Roe, M.P., and other persons interested in that benevolent institution.

Lord Basing, who has lately died, is better known to Parliamentary tradition as Mr. Slater-Booth. He was a painstaking, hard-working official, who held the post of President of the Local Government Board in Disraeli's last Administration. Mr. Slater-Booth was an admirable representative of the old-fashioned Conservative in public life, touched with a certain sympathy for latter-day ideals. As



Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE LORD BASING.

an administrator he had no great initiative, but he had a remarkable power of work, and was one of the best representatives of a type of official which is gradually disappearing.



MR. ELLIOTT LEES, M.P. FOR BIRKENHEAD.

In M. James Darmesteter the French literary world has lost a fine historian, an excellent editor, and a gracious personality. His death was in every sense premature, for it occurred in his forty-fifth year and in the beginning of what seemed to be a brilliant journalistic career, for it is not a year since Professor Darmesteter founded, in company with Léon Ganderax, the *Revue de Paris*, a bi-monthly publication which seems likely to prove a serious rival to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. James Darmesteter was of Jewish origin, and brother to the clever young philologist Arsène Darmesteter, whose death six years ago deprived Continental science of one of its most promising disciples. The late historian was a great favourite with Ernest Renan, who saw in him a possible successor in his historical studies on the Jewish people, and it is said to have been greatly owing to Renan's influence that Professor Darmesteter was appointed, when only thirty-five years of age, to fill the chair of Persian Literature and Languages in the University of Paris. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of M. Renan's advice. M. Darmesteter's industry and powers of research were extraordinary, and in addition to his publications on Persian and Afghan poetry, and an exhaustive work on the Prophets of Israel, he found time to translate Max Müller's "Origin and Growth of Religion," and to contribute some truly admirable and eloquent summaries of current events to more than one French review. Since Professor Darmesteter's marriage to Miss Mary F. Robinson, their charming Paris home had become a pleasant centre of Anglo-French literary society, and English visitors found a more than kindly welcome from their host, whose love for and pride in his gifted young wife proved once more the untruth of the assertions so often made about literary households.

At the grand military display to be held in December, before the Viceroy of India, at Patiala, one of the native States in the Punjab between Delhi and Lahore, a prominent figure will be the Sirdar, General Bukshi Gunda Singh, C.S.I., Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Patiala. This officer is one of the finest examples of the Sikh nobleman and soldier. He is the only subject of the Maharajah of Patiala connected by marriage with the reigning Phulkhan house.

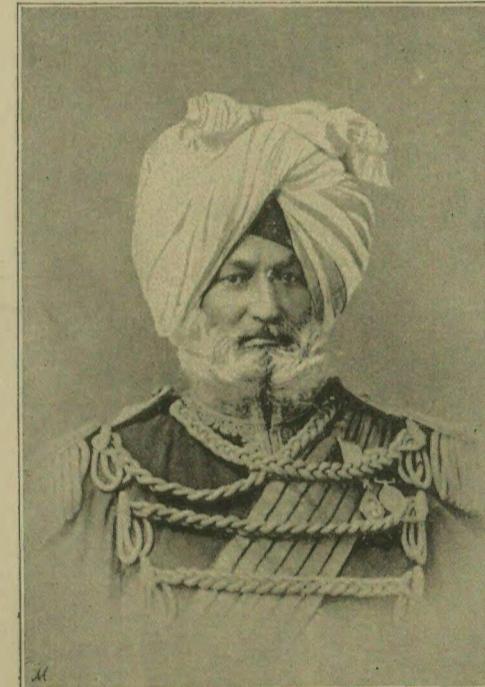


Photo by Bourne and Shepherd.
GENERAL BUKSHI GUNDA SINGH, C.S.I.,
SIRDAR, OR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, PATAIALA, NORTH-WEST INDIA.

His services during the Afghan War drew forth much praise from the British Generals and from Lord Roberts in particular. Her Majesty the Queen and Empress decorated him with the Companionship of the Star of India, and her Government, in dispatches and other official records, expressed their deep sense of acknowledgement to the Patiala State. The efficiency to which he has brought the new Imperial Service Troops of Patiala has again this year attracted the notice of the Government of India; and in recognition of these, on her Majesty's birthday the rank of "Sirdar Bahadur" was specially conferred on him in the Birthday Honours Gazette. As a horseman and sportsman, General Bukshi Gunda Singh is only excelled by his Highness the Maharajah, whose portrait appears on the opposite page.

It is denied that Mr. Bayard meditates the resignation of his post as American Ambassador in London. We should be sorry to lose him, for the remarkable tribute which he lately paid to the character of the British people is still suffusing our cheeks with grateful blushes. Perhaps Mr. Bayard may discover new virtues if he stays much longer among us. On the other hand, he may suffer some disillusion on the subject of that absolute regard for decorum which he has found in English society. We are not quite sure that if he were to leave us now it might not be better for our position in his esteem, a position which is almost too dazzling in its elevation to last. But if he stays we can only hope that the families who are honoured with his company will remain on their best behaviour, though the strain may prove a little exacting.

Mr. Ben Davies, the distinguished tenor, has been complaining about the poor quality of drawing-room ballads. In one case he sang a song to oblige a publisher, but was so ashamed of himself for uttering such rubbish that he declined to repeat the offence. Many singers, he says, preserve their self-respect by neglecting to articulate words. Their popularity does not suffer on that account, for it seems to be immaterial to the public whether the words of a song can be heard or not. Mr. Davies suggests that a ballad cannot be written properly except

as a joint effort of writer and composer, but this is a counsel of perfection which is not likely to be adopted. Even the songs of real poets do not satisfy Mr. Davies, who declares that Tennyson in his lyrics uses long and unsuitable words. It has been justly remarked, however, that Tennyson had the art of writing exquisite verse in words of rarely more than two syllables; and why these should be difficult to sing it is impossible to conjecture.

By the tragic death of Viscount Drumlanrig the Marquis of Queensberry loses his eldest son and the House of Lords one of the few peers who follow Lord Rosebery. Lord Drumlanrig, who was at one time the Prime Minister's private secretary, and who was created a peer quite lately, has fallen a victim to the fatality which seems to be traditional in his family. He lost his life by the accidental discharge of his gun when he was out with a shooting-party, and is deeply regretted by all who were acquainted with his amiable character. It is curious that the Marquis of Queensberry has written a letter describing himself as an ardent Home Ruler for the last fifteen years, and pointedly condemning "the selection of my son in preference to myself to vote for Home Rule in the House of Lords."

The news of Mr. Bernard Shaw's withdrawal from the *World* will be deeply regretted by readers who enjoyed his original and piquant views about music. Mr. Shaw is always stimulating, whether he writes on the fine arts or on the Millennium, but his criticism of music had a special quality. It was always independent and suggestive, and could be read with equal pleasure by the expert and the tyro.

The hero of the hour is the boa-constrictor at the "Zoo," who swallowed his mate, a foot shorter than himself. It is conjectured that he did this in sheer absence of mind, and that, perceiving the fag-end of a pigeon in his companion's mouth, he seized the head of the other boa, and swallowed both with automatic deglutition. This remarkable feat appears to have done him no manner of harm, and his scales are said to be more iridescent than ever. There was a slight difficulty at first in coiling himself into the usual graceful pose, but that soon passed off. Much has been written about the facility which some great men possess of detaching their minds from exciting subjects at critical moments. When Napoleon was deep in the discussion of his famous Code he was in the habit of abstracting the snuffboxes of his councillors, and locking them up in a drawer. But what could the boa at the "Zoo" have been thinking of when he devoured his comrade? And is he surprised now to find himself alone in the world?

There is to be a remarkable awakening of London next Sunday. Many ministers of various denominations are to deliver addresses at the instance of the London Reform Union, for the purpose of stirring up the metropolitan citizen to a sense of his public duties, in view of the new responsibilities laid upon him by the new local bodies which are coming into existence. Mr. Stead will discourse on his favourite theme, "If Christ came to London!" The movement has an excellent object, for the apathy of Londoners about their own vast concerns is a terrible stumbling-block to social reformers of all parties.

The Hon. Hamilton Cuffe, C.B., has been appointed Solicitor to the Board of Treasury and Director of Public Prosecutions in succession to Sir Augustus Keppel Stephenson, K.C.B., Q.C.

Mr. Hamilton John Agmondesham Cuffe, who was born in 1848, is brother and heir presumptive to the Earl of Desart, and is married to a daughter of the Earl of Harewood. He was appointed in 1878 an assistant solicitor to the Treasury. It is hoped that he will infuse a little more vigour of initiative into the official direction of criminal prosecutions, especially in dealing with frauds perpetrated by the directors and promoters of joint-stock companies. If Mr. Jabez Balfour should be extradited by the Argentine Republic and sent to England, Mr. Hamilton Cuffe may have an early opportunity of preparing an important case for trial.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.
THE LATE VISCOUNT DRUMLANRIG.



Photo by Disdéri.
THE HON. HAMILTON CUFFE, C.B.
Director of Public Prosecutions.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, on Saturday, Oct. 20, received the happy news of the birth of another great-grandchild, by the safe delivery of her granddaughter, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, daughter of the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany. A week before, on Oct. 12, came the announcement of the birth of a girl to her Majesty's granddaughter Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Queen has now twenty great-grandchildren.

The Duchess of Albany and her children are staying at Birkholt, near Balmoral, and have visited the Queen.

The Prince of Wales has been with the Duke of Cambridge, shooting at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket.

The Duke and Duchess of York on Tuesday, Oct. 23, visited Norwich, where they were received by the Mayor and Corporation with an address of welcome. They opened the new Museum and Fine Art Gallery in Norwich Castle, under the guidance of Lord Walsingham, Chairman of the Trustees, and Sir William Flower. The Mayor, Sir Peter Eade, M.D., and the Mayoress entertained their Royal Highnesses, with a large company, at luncheon in the picture gallery.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck visited Haggerston, East London, on Oct. 23, and opened the new building of St. Mary's Parochial Institute.

The retiring Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Stuart Knill, was entertained at dinner at the Albion Tavern on Oct. 23 by his constituents of Bridge Ward.

Several of the Ministers are making political speeches: Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, at Leven, in East Fife, on Monday, Oct. 22; Lord Rosebery, the Prime Minister, at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, on Thursday, Oct. 25; and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman next day at Stirling.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour on Oct. 23 spoke at a meeting of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild at Edinburgh, denouncing the proposal to disestablish and disendow that Church.

The Diocesan Conferences of Winchester and of Chichester were opened by their respective Bishops on Oct. 23, and much was said of the duty of resolute resistance to the disestablishment of the Church in Wales.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children held its third autumn conference on Oct. 23 at Birmingham, Lord Anscaster presiding; the Lord Chancellor, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, and Lord Hugh Cecil took part in the proceedings.

Somerville Hall, or College, Oxford, one of the ladies' colleges, has erected additional buildings, which were opened by Lord Herschell, the Lord Chancellor, on Saturday, Oct. 20. Professor Pelham presided, and the Provost of Queen's College, Vice-Chancellor of the University, and other heads of Colleges, took part in the proceedings. There are sixty-five students this year at Somerville College, and many others at Lady Margaret Hall and other ladies' colleges, altogether about a hundred and fifty at Oxford.

The yearly distribution of prizes of the College of Preceptors, in Bloomsbury Square, took place on Oct. 17. Dr. Wormell, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. Mr. H. W. Eve, Dean of the College, reported that examinations had been held at 213 local centres and schools; 4123 boys and 2389 girls were examined. Their number and the quality of their work surpassed all preceding record.

The report of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows for last year shows that it consists of 462 districts, containing 4601 lodges, and 722,725 members; the aggregate capital of the lodges is £7,454,000, besides £266,802 belonging to district funeral funds; the yearly contributions of members amount to £800,000.

The Barking Free Library and Technical School, erected by the Local Board at a cost of £17,000, was opened on Oct. 18 by Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has made this library a gift of one thousand volumes. Barking was the first town in Essex to adopt the Free Libraries Act.

A violent gale blew in the North Sea and the Channel on Sunday, Oct. 21; a Norwegian barque, the *Jernæs*, was wrecked near Sunderland, and one of the crew was drowned while the life-brigade were attempting to draw him ashore with a rope. The *Warner* light-ship, in tow of the Trinity steamer *Irene*, from Spithead, went ashore near Newhaven in Sussex, and four men were drowned by the upsetting of a boat. Several wrecks took place on other parts of the south and east coasts.

A Yarmouth fishing-boat, with eight men on board, was run down in the North Sea on Oct. 16 by a Swedish steamer off Middlesbrough, and six men were drowned.

There is little to report of foreign affairs; the dying condition of the Czar and the war between China and Japan are the only topics of anxious discussion.

The French Chamber of Deputies reopened on Oct. 23, with the Ministry of M. Dupuy in a firm attitude, the Moderate Republicans voting against the Radical Opposition, majority 315 to 155. M. Dupuy vindicated the prohibition of Spanish bull-fights in France, and the dismissal of the Mayor of Dax on that account. President Casimir Perier has visited the Pasteur Institute, and expressed his approval of the newly discovered method of treating croup and diphtheria. M. Le Myre de Vilers has arrived in Madagascar.

The German Emperor is making a round of visits to the rural mansions of noblemen for the sport of shooting. The judicial tribunals of the empire have been occupied with

the censure of Herr Leist, an official ruling a district of German West Africa, who is accused of gross licentiousness and cruelty to native women.

The Italian Government is preparing a financial statement which is expected to prove its situation more favourable than had been lately anticipated.

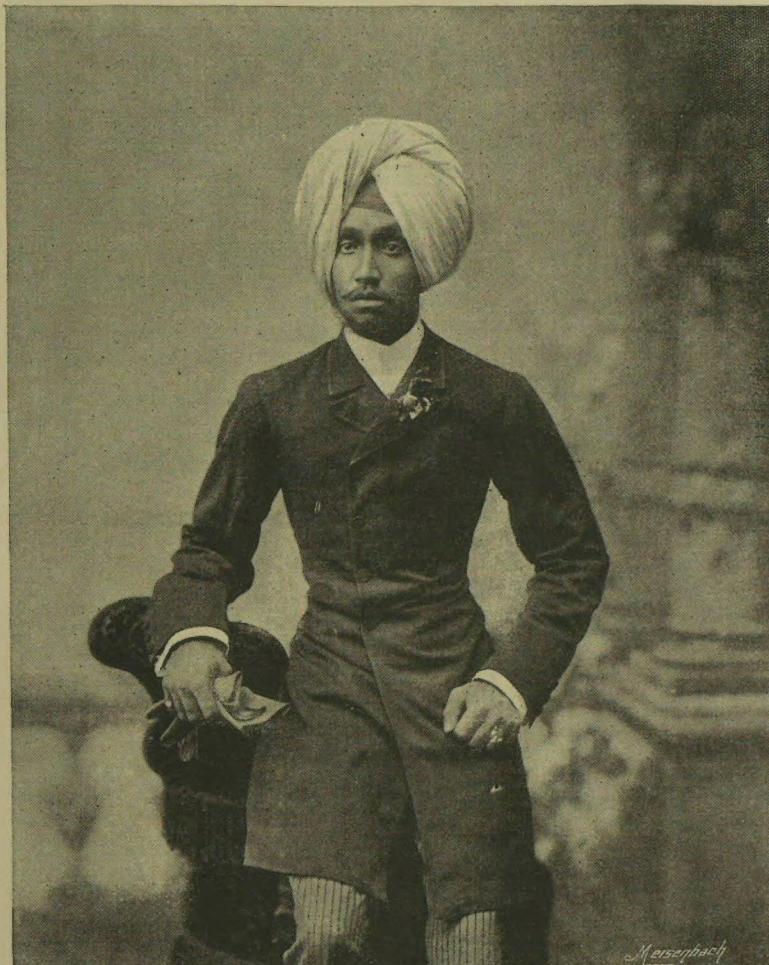
Destructive earthquakes have taken place in Java, causing the loss of four thousand lives, and in the Akita district of Japan.

The latest reports of the health of the Ameer of Afghanistan are somewhat less alarming than what we heard a week ago.

News has been received of the total loss, on Sept. 26, in the Atlantic, of the British ship *Brandon*, and the drowning of the captain and thirteen of the crew, only three men being saved, after a terrible struggle with the waves. The *Brandon* was on a voyage from Ship Island, Pascagoula, to Liverpool, with a cargo of timber.

THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.

One of the most faithful allies of the British Government among the native princes of India is Dhiraj Furzand Englyshia Sewai, Rajendra Singh Bahadur, Maharajah of Patiala. Belonging to the Phulkhan house of Sikh princes, the timely help of his grandfather during the crisis of the Indian Mutiny was the principal means of saving British prestige in the East and conquering the insurgents at Delhi. His father maintained the same loyalty, and the present Maharajah is devoted to furthering the interest of our Indian Empire, as he showed by keeping open the line



THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.

of communication in the Kurram Valley during the Afghan campaign with tents and stores all along the route.

Patiala, the second most important State in the Punjab, is considered, among the thirty-five States of the Cis-Sutlej, as the largest and most important. It has an area of over 5450 square miles, a population of nearly two millions, and a revenue of a million and a quarter. When the Maharajah attained his majority he gave 50,000 rupees to the Punjab University to found scholarships. He has built and endowed a free hospital for females, and annually visits and helps any of the British orphanages near his territory. He is very good to his subjects, particularly the farmers. As a notable instance, we may state that lately the crops were not as productive as they might have been, and a suggestion was made to him to enhance the revenue by imposition of taxes which, although assessed lightly, would have in the end conduced to burden the farmers. Rather than do this, he ordered his own private purse allowances to be curtailed, so far as would meet the deficit threatened by the impending fall of the revenue. The Maharajah furnishes a contingent of 100 horse for general duty. His military force consists of 5000 cavalry, 2000 infantry, 55 field-guns, and 100 other guns, with 500 artillermen, and he is entitled to a salute of 17 guns.

On April 12, 1893, the Maharajah was married to an English lady, Miss Florence Bryan, who previous to the ceremony had embraced the Sikh faith; the marriage was solemnised according to the Sikh rites, in the presence of all the leading Europeans in the State of Patiala, the Sikh officers and Court officials. The intended visit of the Maharajah to Europe last year was prevented by the serious illness of the Maharani Florence. We are glad to learn that it is more than probable that both their Highnesses will visit London next season. In our portrait of his Highness he is dressed in the latest London style, with the exception of his turban, which he cannot set aside, as he is a Sikh. His Highness's clothes are all made by his special outfitter in London.

MUSIC.

There were two ways of looking at the performance of "The Creation," with which the Queen's Hall Choral Society started its season on Oct. 18. One was to criticise it from a high standpoint and express dissatisfaction with much; the other was to regard it as a tentative effort and acknowledge the good points while considerably indicating the shortcomings and the best method of remedying them. We took the latter view because we thought the venture eminently one to be encouraged, and for that reason we shall not now dwell on the defects of the choral singing or the absence of finish that characterised the general rendering of Haydn's oratorio. There have been too few choral enterprises in London since the glory of Exeter Hall departed, and now that we possess in Queen's Hall an easily accessible place where oratorio can be given with at least a reasonable prospect of avoiding loss, it is surely not the critic's duty to throw cold water upon the initial proceedings of the first society that tries to open up the new ground. The choir has some really first-rate material, though some of it is still undoubtedly in the rough, and in time we shall not be surprised to find it develop into a capital body of singers. A great deal, of course, depends upon the conductor. Mr. William Carter has, at any rate, plenty of experience, and, though he might with advantage modify his exuberance of gesture (it has been said that he conducts as much with his legs as with his arms), there is no doubt that he has the art of imbuing his forces with enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*, besides knowing how to obtain tolerable delicacy of light and shade. He will also attend more carefully to the balance of the voices, and in course of time, even produce a real *pianissimo*. Meanwhile, we note that Mr. Carter's own cantata, "Placida," is down for performance, in conjunction with Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the second concert, on Nov. 8.

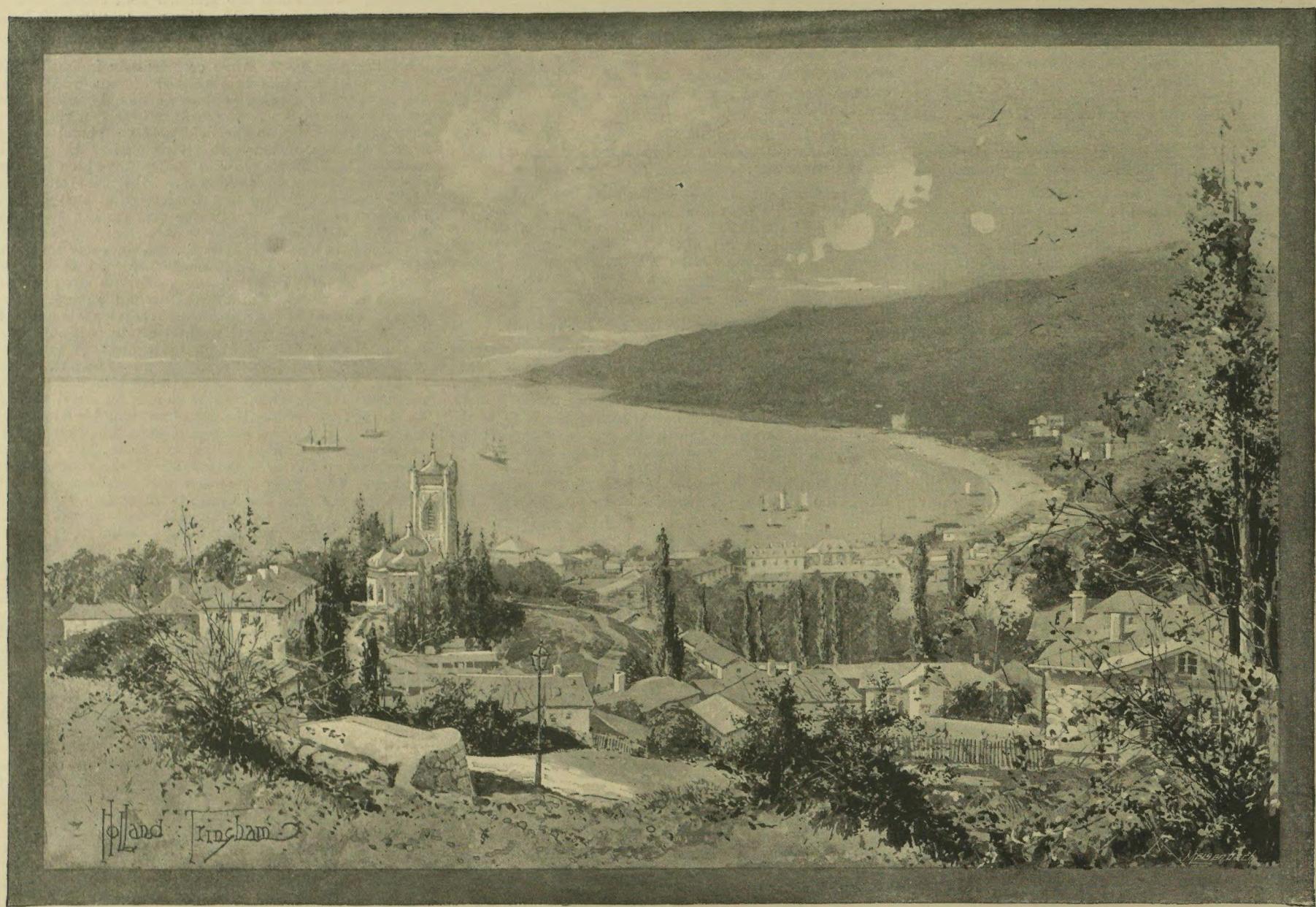
Dr. Richter had no reason to regret the extra fortnight he spent in England after the termination of the Birmingham Festival. His provincial tour "beat the record" for orchestral concert receipts; his two evening concerts at St. James's Hall drew very large audiences; and his final afternoon at Queen's Hall was attended by the biggest crowd that has ever seen Richter conduct in London since he held the baton at the Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall in 1877. He wound up with a magnificent performance of the "Choral" Symphony, band and chorus alike being on their mettle, while the solos were capitally sung by Miss Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Clara Poole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The famous conductor had a great reception, and it was amid an outburst of ringing cheers that he bade us "au revoir" until next May. Another feature of the concert was Mr. Edward Lloyd's splendid delivery of the "Schmiedelieder" from "Siegfried." One would-be critic did not like it because the English tenor's declamation did not remind him sufficiently of Alvar's. What a pity!

Fortunate, indeed, was it that Dr. A. C. Mackenzie happened to be available to take Mr. Manns's place at the second Crystal Palace Concert. Being thoroughly familiar with the score of Dvorák's symphony, "From the New World," he could vouchsafe the Sydenham folk a reading such as no ordinary substitute would have been likely to achieve; and, as a matter of fact, the rendering of this interesting work was in the highest degree satisfactory, alike to those who had heard it under Dr. Mackenzie's direction at the Philharmonic last season and to amateurs who now listened to it for the first time. The programme underwent no change in any particular, but general regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. Manns, who, it seems, fell down and hurt his knee-cap some time back, and instead of resting the injured limb, went on attending to his duties as usual, with the result that after the opening concert of the season his leg had

to be put in splints. As we write, he is said to have greatly improved, and is expected back at his post without delay. Dr. Mackenzie contrived, on the whole, to get excellent work out of the Crystal Palace band, both in the known compositions and the novelties. The latter included a "Te Deum Laudamus" for orchestra and organ by Sgambati—a cleverly written and fairly effective piece, based chiefly upon an old *canto fermo* sung in the churches at Rome—made curious by the application of a hymn-title to a wholly instrumental andante. Another addition to the repertory was Söderman's "Tannhäuser" ballad for baritone and orchestra, a picturesque and vigorous example of the art of this talented Swede, who died nearly twenty years ago. It was spiritedly sung by his countryman, Herr Lundqvist, a leading baritone at the Stockholm opera-house, who now made a somewhat belated débüt before an English audience, and obtained a favourable reception, especially in the Swedish folk-songs which he sang later in the afternoon. M. Siloti was the pianist of the day, and his interpretation of Chopin's concerto in E minor was in all respects an advance upon his previous efforts with orchestra in this country. There was in it a measure of poetic refinement and artistic restraint for which we had not before given M. Siloti credit.

The Gordon Boys' Home, near Woking, is in urgent need of a new piano and some bicycles, and the Commandant earnestly appeals to the generosity of the public to supply these deficiencies.

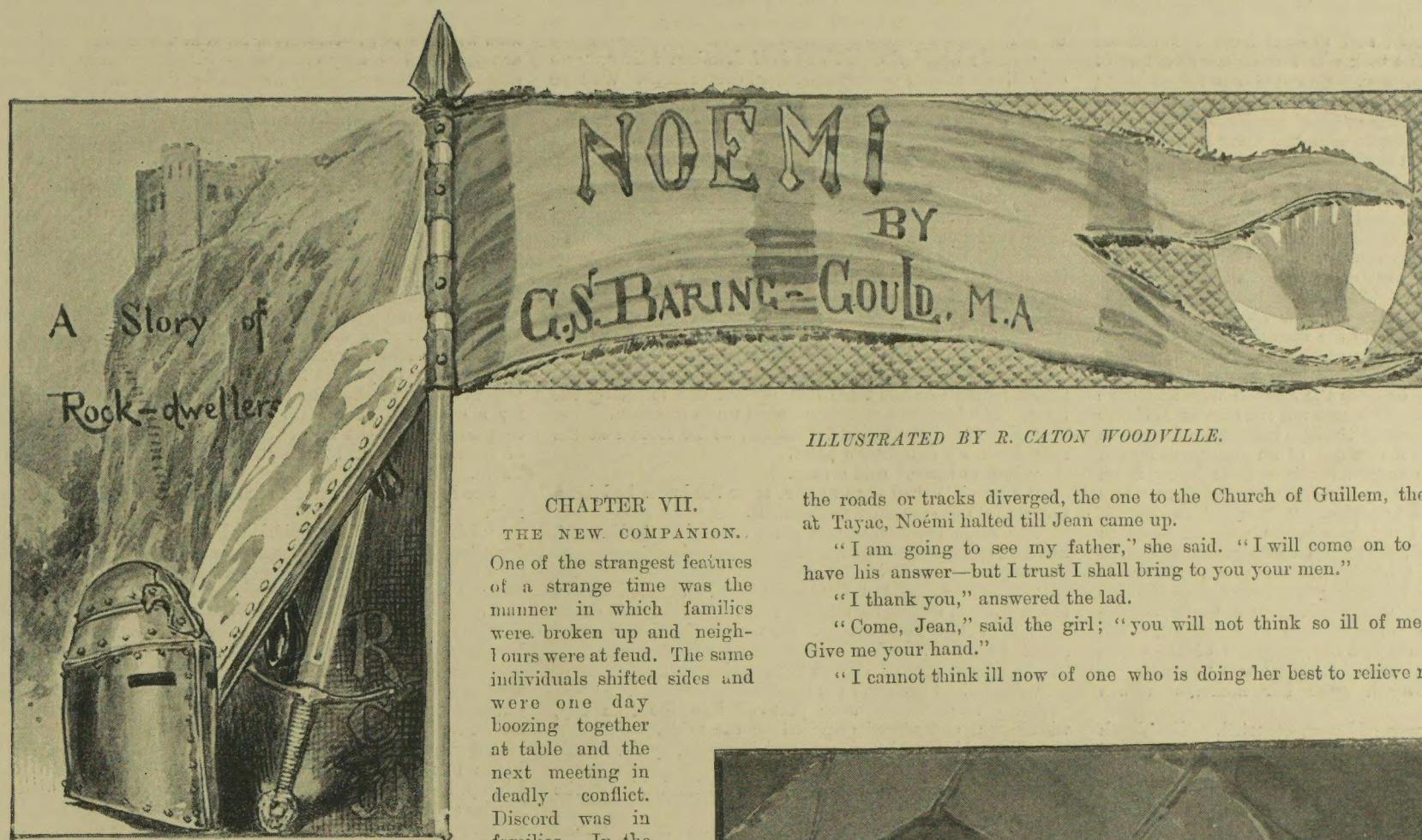
Quite a new style of fashion-book has just been issued by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. It gives sketches and prices in such a clear manner as to enable ladies in the country to obtain goods without difficulty. The illustrations to what is really a handsome booklet are far superior in artistic design and reproduction to those to which the public is accustomed, and do credit to the artist, Mr. Fred McKenzie.



YALTA, IN THE CRIMEA, NEAR WHERE THE CZAR ALEXANDER III. IS NOW LYING.



THE CZAR'S PALACE, LIVADIA, NEAR YALTA, IN THE CRIMEA.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW COMPANION.

One of the strangest features of a strange time was the manner in which families were broken up and neighbours were at feud. The same individuals shifted sides and were one day boozing together at table and the next meeting in deadly conflict. Discord was in families. In the house of Limeuil the father was

French, the son English; and the son was English merely because he desired to turn his father out of the ancestral heritage and lord it in his room. Limeuil was stormed by the son, then retaken by the father; now sacked by English troops, and then sacked again by French troops, who cared nothing for the national causes of France or England. Prevost de la Force and Perducat d'Albret had castles facing each other on opposite sides of the Dordogne. Each desired to draw some money out of the commercial town of Bergerac on the plea that he was empowered to protect it from the other. Accordingly, one called himself French, the other English; and Perducat, when it suited his convenience, after having been English, became French. Domestic broils determined the policy of the turbulent seigneurs. If they coveted a bit of land, or a village, or a castle that belonged to a brother or a cousin of one persuasion, they went over to the opposed to supply them with an excuse for falling on their kinsmen. The Seigneur de Pons, because his marriage settlement with his wife did not allow him sufficient liberty to handle her means, turned French, and his wife threw open her gates to the Duke of Lancaster. Whereupon the seigneur fought the English, to whom he had formerly been devoted, retook his town, and chastised his wife. The man who was French to-day was English to-morrow, and French again the day after. Some were very weathercocks, turning with every wind, always with an eye to their own advantage.

Consequently, families were much mixed up with both parties. Unless a seigneur was out on a raid, he would associate on terms of friendliness with the very men whom he would hang on the next occasion. Kinsfolk were in every camp. The seigneurs had allies everywhere; but their kinsfolk were not always their allies, were often their deadliest enemies.

The mother of Noémi was akin to the family of Tarde. Indeed, her aunt was the mother of Jean and Jacques, who were, accordingly, her first cousins. The Tarde family were French; no one in Gageac was English. By interest, by tradition, the place was true to the Lilies.

A little way up the river, on the further side, was Domme, which was held by the English. Noémi passed from the English to the French town, and nothing was thought of it that she was as much at home with her cousins in La Roque Gageac as among her mother's attendants at Domme. Even the young Tardes might have gone to the market in the English town and have returned unmolested.

The bullies of Guillem in like manner swaggered where they listed, penetrated to Gageac, when there was a dance or a drinking-bout; and, so long as they came unarmed, were allowed admittance.

No one could say whether there was peace or war. There was a little of one and a little of the other. Whenever a roysterer was weary of doing nothing, he gathered his men together and made a raid; whenever a captain wanted to pay his men, he plundered a village. Otherwise, all went on tolerably quietly. There was no marching across the country of great bodies of armed men, no protracted sieges, no battles in which whole hosts were engaged. But there was incessant fear, there were small violences, there was no certainty of safety. There was no central power to control the wrong-doers, no justice to meet out to them the reward of their deeds. When the lion and the wolf and the bear are hungry, then they raven for food; when glutted, they lie down and sleep. The barons and free captains and little seigneurs were the lions, wolves, and bears that infested Guyenne and Périgord. They were now on the alert and rending, then ensued a period of quietude.

Little passed between Jean del' Peyra and Noémi on the way. She was mounted on a fresh horse, and attended by two serving-men of the Tardes, as Jacques and Jean could not accompany her, having duties connected with the little town to discharge that day which required their presence. Jean del' Peyra was on his fagged steed, and could not keep up with the rest. Jean was not sanguine that the girl would prevail with her father, but he was grateful that she should make the attempt.

On reaching the point at the junction of the Beune with the Vézère where

the roads or tracks diverged, the one to the Church of Guillem, the other to the ford at Tayac, Noémi halted till Jean came up.

"I am going to see my father," she said. "I will come on to Ste. Soure when I have his answer—but I trust I shall bring to you your men."

"I thank you," answered the lad.

"Come, Jean," said the girl; "you will not think so ill of me as you have done. Give me your hand."

"I cannot think ill now of one who is doing her best to relieve my father and me in



"I want the seven men," said Noémi.

a case of pressing necessity, and of saving seven families from worse than death."

He put out his hand and pressed hers, but without cordiality. The hand he took was that of the daughter of the scourge of the country. He could not forget that; he touched the hand of the child of the man who had brought desolation into the home of the Rossignols.

Noémi left the attendants with her horse at the foot of the steep ascent that led to the Church of Guillem.

The ascent was up a slope of crumbled chalk and flints hardly held together by a little wiry grass, some straggling pinks, and bushes of box and juniper. The incline was as rapid as that of a Gothic house-roof. Of path there was none, for every man who scrambled up mounted his own way, and his footprints sent shale and dust over the footprints of his predecessor. The plateau through which the river has sown its way is some four hundred feet at the highest point above the bed of the stream; in some places the cliffs are not only perpendicular, they overhang. They rise at once from the river that washes their bases and undermines them, or from the alluvial flats that have been formed by floods. This was not the case at L'Eglise Guillem. The stronghold of Guillem occupied a terrace in the abrupt scarp where it rose out of an immense slope of rubble, very much as at Ste. Soure, a little below it on the further bank. Here, as there, the rubble slope was a protection as great as a precipice. It was not as difficult to climb, but it could not be climbed without those in the stronghold being able to roll down rocks, discharge weapons at such as were laboriously endeavouring to mount. Noémi reached a spring that issued from the side of the cliff in a dribble, was received in a basin, and the overflow, nourished a dense growth of maidenhair-fern and moss. It was thence that the occupants of the castle derived their drinking-water. Hard by was the gateway. Here she was challenged, gave her name, and was admitted.

L'Eglise Guillem was oddly constructed. The depth of the caves or concave shelters was not great, not above twelve to fifteen feet, consequently would not admit of chambers and halls in which many men could move about. To gain space, beams had been driven into the natural wall of rock at the back of the caves, and brought forward to project some eight feet over the edge of the cliff. On these projecting rafters walls of timber filled in with stone had been erected, and lean-to roofs added to cover them, socketed into the cliff above the opening mouth of the cave or series of caves. This is still a method of construction in the country, with this exception—that such modern dwellings are not pendulous in mid-air, as were those of the free captains, but are now on solid floors, and consist of rooms, one half of which are caves, and the other half artificial excrescences.

By means of this overhanging portion of the castle, by a ladder a chamber could be reached, cut out in the face of the cliff immediately above the mouth of the natural cavern, a chamber at the present day visible, but absolutely inaccessible, since the wooden excrescence has disappeared by which it was reached. This upper chamber was the treasury of the castle.

To the present day not two miles up the valley of the Beune is a hamlet, a cluster of houses, called Grioteaux, built in a huge cave, but with the fronts somewhat beyond the upper lip of the cave; and in the face of the precipice above is precisely such a treasure-chamber, only to be reached by means of a ladder from the roof of the house below it.

"What—you here!" exclaimed the Great Guillem in surprise, when he saw the girl enter the one room in which were himself and his men, about a table, on which were scattered chalices from churches, women's jewellery, silken dresses, even sabots plucked off the feet of peasants. The captain was dividing spoil.

The Great Guillem was much as Jean del' Peyra had described him—tall, gaunt, with a high head, and baldness from his forehead to the crown, his hair sandy and turning grey, dense bushy red eyebrows, the palest of blue eyes, and a profusion of red hair about his jaws. The mouth was large, with thin lips, and teeth wide apart and pointed, as though they had been filed sharp. Men said he had a double row in his jaw. It was the mouth of a shark.

"Come here, little cat!" shouted the freebooter. "Here are we dogs of war dividing the plunder."

"What plunder, father? Did you get all these silks and trinkets from Ste. Soure?"

"From Ste. Soure indeed! Not that; nothing thence but wine-casks and grain; and a fine matter we have had hauling the barrels up into our kennel. What do you want with us, child?"

The girl looked at the men; there were a dozen, and her father the thirteenth. They were in rough and coarse clothing, each with a red cross on his left arm—a badge of allegiance to the Cross of St. George. Some of the companies wore a white or blue cross when serving no political party, but the Great Guillem was ostensibly in the English service, and as such had been given the commandantship of Domme. The men had been drinking, and were flushed, partly with wine, partly with excitement, as the division of the plunder was made by lot, the lot being a knucklebone in a bassinet. A lawless, insolent company, and one difficult to treat with.

Noémi was puzzled what to do. But she was a bold, spirited girl, and she said: "This is the first time I have been here. I claim largesse."

"Largesse!" laughed one of the men; "I say—the first time anyone enters he pays footing."

"He, yes," said the girl; "but with a woman it is other. I claim largesse."

"What do you mean? A share of the loot?"

"A large share," answered Noémi.

"I have two lots to one; I will surrender one to you," said Guillem.

"Of all the spoil?"

"Of all for which we are raffling."

"And the men—the seven men you took?"

"They are not in the game. We wait till the ransom comes, and that will be divided not by lot but by shares. Money is so divided, not—" Her father tossed over some odds and ends with which the table was cumbered.

"I want the seven men," said Noémi.

A roar of laughter greeted this demand.

"A hundred livres! That is a fine largesse," said one. "It cannot be," said Guillem. "They belong to us all."

"Little one," shouted one half-drunk fellow, "we only divide among ourselves—merry companions. We take from those who are outside the band."

"But I am the Captain's daughter."

"That matters not; you are not a companion."

"Father, give me a lot."

"I will—my lot."

"And grant me a request."

"If you draw the highest lot, you shall have what you will—say a share in the loot, and to that you can have no right. We have our laws and are bound to abide by them."

"Let us draw, then."

The bassinet was passed round, and each drew. There were fourteen knucklebones in it. Noémi put in her hand first and drew, then each in succession.

"Hands open," shouted Guillem, and each fist was thrust forward on the table and opened flat, exposing the bone. The knuckles were numbered up to fourteen.

"Fourteen!" exclaimed Guillem, as he looked at the rude die in his daughter's palm.

"Best of three," said a man.

"Again!" called the Captain, after the bones had been thrown into the bassinet and shaken.

The same proceeding was gone through. Again each hand was exposed on the table.

"Fourteen again!"

"A woman and the devil have luck!" shouted one of the men. "There is no beating that!"

"Aye! but there is. If next time she draws one," retorted another. "She is a woman; I wish her well."

"Ah! you Roger; always honour the petticoat."

"Again!" thundered the Captain.

Once more hands were plunged into the iron cap, withdrawn, and placed clenched on the table.

"Reveal!" cried Guillem, and immediately the hands were turned up with the knuckle-bones.

"Fourteen!" again he shouted, as he held up the piece his daughter had exposed.

"Was ever luck like this!" stormed one man. "And I—I never draw above five."

"Well; what is your request?" asked Guillem.

"You have sworn to grant it me."

"Yes; if not against rule."

"Then make me one of the Company!"

A pause, then a shout: "The Red Cross! The Red Cross! Vive the new Companion!"

In an instant a piece of crimson silk brocade, an ecclesiastical vestment, was torn to shreds, and the rough hands of the freebooters were fastening two strips crosswise to Noémi's arm.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DEVIL'S CUPS.

"A new companion must justify his election," said the sullen man, who had throughout shown ill disposition towards Noémi.

"The new companion shall do so," answered Noémi. A deep colour flushed her olive skin. "For that I ask you to follow me, as well as that other comrade who was as inclined to be civil as you to be insolent. First, send down below and bid the two servants of the Tardes go on to Ste. Soure and tarry there till I go for them."

"You—to Ste. Soure?" said her father.

"Not now. But I do not desire to have the Tardes' men with me. They are not of the Company."

"What do you mean?"

"That I will justify my election," said Noémi. "And for that I take these two mates—and no others."

"It is not well that I go," said the sulky man. "But, if go I must, it is unwillingly."

"And I go with all my heart," said he whose name was Roger.

"What do you intend to do, child?" asked her father, puzzled and uneasy. "This is a farce. Take off the cross."

"No, it is no farce. I will not remove the cross till I have shown that I am worthy to be enrolled in your band."

"Then what will you do?"

"That is my secret."

"And you demand two of the companions?"

"Yes; two of the companions—he named Roger, and—"

"Amanieu?"

"Roger and Amanieu. I ask that they may accompany me and serve me and do my bidding—on my first chevauchée."

"La Pucelle! Another Joan! To the English! To the English! Vive la Pucelle de Domme! We will pit her against the Pucelle de Domrémi." The men shouted, hammered the table, and tossed the knucklebones about. They treated the master as a joke.

Amanieu, the sulky man, was very angry at being fixed upon to make one of a party that would incur ridicule and expose him to the jeers of his fellows.

Le Gros Guillem now interfered. "If my daughter has said you are to attend, and I consent, you go. Guard her well."

Amanieu murmured no more. There was no insubordination in a Company.

The serving-men of the Tarde brothers were dismissed, and then Noémi prepared to depart along with her new attendants. Her father asked no further questions. The horses were brought from a stable cut in the rocks. They were nimble and sure of footing. Access to the stable was only to be had by a drawbridge let fall over a chasm, and from the further side of the gap a narrow track descended rapidly to the bottom of the valley.

At Noémi's request the men had drawn on jackets that concealed their red crosses, and no one seeing the little party would have conjectured that the girl was attended by some of the greatest ruffians and cut-throats in the country. She knew the character of the men, but was not afraid. The fear of her father entertained by all the band, and the discipline maintained in the Company, would prevent them from doing her harm.

Guillem was a man of few words, but of decision in action. The look of his pale eyes was enough, as he sent the men with Noémi, to take from them any spirit of insolence or rebellion had they entertained it. They knew without more words than the three uttered by Guillem, that if she came to harm through them, by their neglect, in any way, he was the man to put them to death by slow and horrible torture. They had seen that done once on a comrade who had disregarded a half-expressed order. He had been roasted over a slow fire.

The two men asked no questions when Noémi took the road to Sarlat, and along the road she did not speak with them. At Sarlat she bade them hold back while she went on alone and on foot to make an inquiry. Apparently satisfied at what she had learnt, she returned to the men, remounted her horse, and said, "Forward!"

She rode along the way to La Roque, a little ahead of the two men. The day was closing in. It would be dark by the time they reached her home.

Presently they came to a long and tedious ascent. The way had been at one time paved, but had not been repaired for a century. It ran up a hog's back or hill, through coppice that was cut every fourteen years for the making of charcoal, direct to the point where was the Devil's Table.

She halted, and turned to her followers; and they drew rein.

"Listen to me," she said. "You do not know whither I am leading you, for what purpose you follow me, or what is to be gained thereby. But one thing you do know, that you are placed under my command by Le Gros Guillem, and that you disobey at your peril. I will tell you wherefore you are following me; it is for your own advantage. You have carried away seven men from the Del' Peyras, and you have put them to ransom at a hundred livres. That is a large sum. It is to be divided among you into fourteen equal shares. But let me tell you that if this sum be not found—you will get nothing. The seven men will be no gain to you when cast away mutilated. Jean del' Peyra has been this day to Sarlat, he has been to the Bishop, he has been to the Jew Levi, he has been to the Tardes at Gageac, I cannot say where he has not been, to whom he has not applied—but nowhere can he raise the sum. It was too large. But that is no concern of mine. The money must be found, or you get nothing. I can tell you where the sum is to be found, whence it can be taken. But understand this—no more shall be exacted than the hundred livres. I will not have a denier more, nor a denier less. You agree to this?"

"Yes, we shall be glad of the money; we do not want to hurt the men of Ste. Soure, and their wounds are no pay to us."

"Very well. Then we understand each other. You would never receive any ransom but for me. It is I who bring you where it shall be paid."

"And where is that?" asked Amanieu.

"On the Devil's Table," answered Noémi.

The men shrank back. Their superstitious fears were aroused.

"Do not be alarmed. We shall not conjure up the foul fiend; but we shall squeeze one of his servants. Let us ride on and await him at the Table."

Then she turned towards La Roque, and in silence they continued to ascend the hill.

When they had nearly reached the summit she drew up again, and said to the men—

"I will explain it all. The Jew Levi comes this way. He has been gathering in money at La Roque, and my cousins have paid him a large sum. He has been engaged there all day, and he made my cousins, the Tardes, promise to send servants with him to see him safe on his way back to Sarlat. They agreed to send him on his way as far as the Devil's Table; and he named the time at which he would be ready to start. I know, if he has started on his way as he proposed, that he will be approaching now. From the Table onward to Sarlat he would be alone, but alone he could not convey all the money. What he purposed doing I cannot say. We will wait and see. He desired that he might be attended all the way to Sarlat, but that the Tardes would not allow. The distance was too great, the men were needed, they would not be home till too late. He was forced to accept half of what he had asked. Understand, no more is to be taken from the Jew than the ransom money. It were better that a Jew should lose than that seven Christian households should be ruined."

The men laughed. They were easy in their minds now that they understood they were to play a familiar game—only they grudged that they were to half accomplish it. If they caught a Jew let them squeeze and wring him out till not a drop of the golden syrup were left in him.

Noémi had, however, her own ideas in the matter. She justified her act to her conscience as a deed of necessity. It was a marvel that her conscience felt any scruple in the matter, as in the Middle Ages none hesitated to defraud a Jew, none considered that a son of Israel had any right to have meted out to him the like justice as to a Christian. Before the Cathedral gates at Toulouse every Good Friday a Jew had to present himself to have his ears boxed by the Bishop, and to acknowledge in his person on behalf of his race its guilt in having crucified the Messiah.

"Here!" said the girl, "tie up your horses and mine and lie in the scrub."

Before them, on the left hand of the track, rose the Devil's Table; a mound of earth had anciently covered it, but rain had washed away the earth from the capstone and showed the points of those blocks which upheld it. The slab was a singularly uncouth stone, with its flat old bed underneath, the upper surface uneven and dinted with cup-holes.

The *routiers* had not been long in hiding before the voice of Levi was heard, and the tramp of his ass.

"I thank you, good fellows. It was gracious of your master to lend me your escort, for Heaven knows! I am too poor to need one. My ass is laden with lentils. You eat them in your fasting times, and when not fasting, eat pig. I cannot touch the unclean meat, and so eat lentils all the year. All my little moneys I carried with me have been expended in lentils for my wife Rachel and me. Ah! this must last us a long time. We are so poor, and lentils are so dear."

"You will give us something to drink your health, Levi," asked one of Tardes' men.

"Oh! certainly. Open both your hands and I will fill them with lentils. When Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were in the palace of King Darius, they refused the meats from the King's table that they might eat lentils. And they grew fat! Oh! Father Abraham, so sleek that their faces shone, and all the young ladies ran after them. Open your hands and I will give you lentils, and all the fair maids of La Roque will admire you."

The men laughed. "Come, come, Jew, keep the pulse for yourself, and give us something more solid—money—and we will drink your health."

"Money!" exclaimed Levi; "as if I had money! Oh, Fathers of the Covenant! poor Levi with money!—that is a comical idea. You are jesting with me, and I like a jest."

Those lying in wait listened to the altercation that ensued—the men murmured, then there ensued an outcry from the Jew and a burst of laughter from the men—they had raised and thrown down on the ground the sack which the ass was carrying.

The Jew shouted and entreated and swore, but to no avail. The two serving-men ran off on their way back to La Roque Gageac, full of glee, rejoicing that they had

man. "She thinks that I have money, who have only a few lentils on which to feed my wife and me."

"I know what you have," said Noémi. "You have all the money paid you by the Tardes."

"It is a lie—I have been paid no money; I have been given a sack of lentils instead."

"Levi—I was present when it was paid."

"You—you are a Tarde! and the Tardes are thieves!"

"I am not a Tarde."

"You are a Tarde—and these are Tardes' servants, and you will cheat and rob me. I shall appeal to the Bishop!"

"Strike a light," said the girl. "Let the man see who we are."

With a flint and steel Amanieu produced sparks, and presently held a wisp of dry grass blazing over his head.

"Look here," said Noémi. "Do you know this?" She showed the red cross on her arm. "Look at the shoulders of my mates. Do you know who they are? Do you know me? I am Le Gros Guillem's daughter. Open your sack."

"Oh, pity me! Pity me!" sobbed the terrified Jew.

"One hundred livres—not a denier under, not a denier over," answered the girl. "See, in the Devil's Table are ten saucers; put ten livres into each, and you, Amanieu, and you Roger, count. Jew, when the last coin is paid,

SORROW AND SONG.

Sorrow and Song. By Coulson Kernahan. (London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden, 1894.)—One would like to say a good word for this volume, the work of a thoughtful writer, who has now and then struck a note of power in contemporary fiction. But it would be entirely improper to give way to any such good-natured inclination. "*Sorrow and Song*" is not criticism at all. It has neither scholarship nor keen and exact taste behind it. And it is so terribly provincial. Has it come to this, that in our year of grace 1894 we must really listen to such remarks about Heine as the following?

Is it altogether to be wondered at that a man like Heine, moody and sensitive to morbidity, should thenceforth have abandoned himself, in defiance and despair, to the promptings of his undisciplined nature and the gratification of his unhallowed desires?

And this—

With his usual shrewdness (!), Heine was not slow to realise that indecent allusions—if for no other reason than that they were by common consent avoided—afforded ready opportunity for cheaply acquiring the reputation of being



"Oh, Fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Mother Sarah!" lamented the Jew, "come to me in my necessity and help me."

served the man such a trick, for they well knew that he would hardly be able to replace the sack on his ass.

After Levi had convinced himself that his appeals were in vain, he returned to the fallen sack, and vainly endeavoured to lift it upon the ass. He could raise it at one end, but not bear the entire weight. He became very angry, and grumbled and cursed, and prayed to Heaven for assistance.

Then, as his sole chance, he endeavoured to roll the sack up the sepulchral mound, and so to tilt it on to the Devil's Table. By that means, if he drew up his ass by the mouth of the burial-chamber, where treasure-seekers had grubbed and made a hollow, he hoped to be able to replace the burden on the back that was to bear it.

"Oh, Fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Mother Sarah!" lamented the Jew, "come to me in my necessity and help me."

"We are here!"

Hands were laid on his shoulder. With a scream of fear he sprang back, and saw two male and a female figure before him. Dusk had set in, and he could not distinguish who they were.

"Jew!" said Noémi, "we want a hundred livres."

"A hundred lentils! Let me go! Help me with my sack, and they are yours."

"Jew!" said the girl; "do not delay us and yourself. We will escort you within sight of the lights of the town—when you have paid us the hundred livres."

"Hear her, Father Abraham!" cried the unhappy

you shall go on with the rest. You do not stir till the sum is paid that I require."

The Jew faltered, trembled, stammered some unintelligible words.

"Levi!" said Noémi, "You know how Guillem's men deal with the refractory. Ho! a string here for his thumbs."

The ten cups were filled.

(To be continued.)

an original wit; and of such opportunity he was quite unscrupulous enough to avail himself.

Or this—

His nature was lacking in the element which gives tenacity of purpose. In his writings, as in his life, Heine habitually followed inclination rather than conscience.

Moreover, we are obliged to tell our readers quite candidly that these are not mere casual impulses of thought and fancy, but that there are several pages of the same kind of thing, the mere phrasing of which is so common, so unhappy, that it makes one wince. Poor Heine! he has been much abused, but with all his naughtiness, what has he done to be criticised as Mr. Kernahan criticises him? The rest of the volume, which consists of essays on Rossetti, Mrs. Moulton, Philip Marston, and Robertson of Brighton, is better than the remarks on Heine, for the simple reason that the writers criticised are smaller, and that the standard of attainment which Mr. Kernahan sets himself is more modest. But here again, why does not Mr. Kernahan set some measure to his praise and blame? Do we really want to be told about Mrs. Moulton that "she is the writer of some lyrics which in the shuddering intensity of their passionate cry and protest against death are unique among the work of women poets"? Let Mr. Kernahan be quite sure that he will never be a critic of any repute until he has learned to use his adjectives as they should be used, still less until he has acquired something like the strenuous hold on literature which he has now and then shown he has acquired over life.

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THE LATE MR. J. A. FROUDE.

The death of James Anthony Froude recalls some of the most stirring and exciting scenes in the literary life of the Victorian era. Mr. Froude had been a combatant in at least three great struggles: he was a figure in the Tractarian Movement; he was the very centre of the struggle which gathered around the figure of Henry VIII.; and finally, scarcely any book has evoked more criticism than his "Life of Thomas Carlyle." Under these circumstances it is difficult to say whether Mr. Froude will live more as an historian than as a biographer. His historical work has a value which it shares to some extent with Macaulay's. He has obtained a reputation for inaccuracy—the very opposite quality to that which, as a rule, goes to make an historian. Freeman and Stubbs, Lingard and Hallam, whatever their defects, are rarely caught napping, but they are not stylists, and Mr. Froude is before all things a stylist. No one who has read those twelve volumes of his History but has felt carried along, step by step, through all the entrancing chapters. We may have felt certain that Mr. Froude's special plea on behalf of Henry VIII. was false and unsound, and that his detraction of Elizabeth was nearly equally baseless; but we can never forget the grim picturesqueness of his account of Queen Mary's execution and of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Mr. Froude, by these vivid word-pictures, has stamped himself upon the literature of the era. An historian like Lingard lives only as a tradition, or lives only as the historian of a Church. Mr. Froude, infinitely more intolerant and certainly more inaccurate, will live because he was a great master of literary English.

*From a Photo supplied by Mrs. S. M. Haynes.*THE MOULT, SALCOMBE, SOUTH DEVON, THE FORMER HOME OF MR. FROUDE,
WHERE THE "HISTORY OF ENGLAND" WAS WRITTEN, AND WHERE HE WAS VISITED BY MR. CARLYLE AND LORD TENNYSON.

Then we have the "Life of Carlyle"—the discussion of which is within the memory of everyone; the "Life of Bunyan," the "Life of Caesar," the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," and the "Life of Erasmus"—published some few days before his death—all books which have an individuality of their own, even though they show with sufficient emphasis certain defects of the writer. It is of less importance in criticising Mr. Froude's literary career to name his books of travel, his "Oceana" and "England in the West Indies"; and it is still less important to name his works of fiction, of which several were published at the beginning of his career, and "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" within the last few years.

Mr. Froude was born in the year 1818, at Dartington, Devon, and was the son of the Ven. R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totnes. He was one of three gifted brothers, another being William Froude, the mathematician and engineer; and the third Richard Hurrell Froude, a leader of the Tractarian Movement whose "Literary Remains" were published after his death by Keble and Newman. Mr. Froude was educated at Westminster School and at Oriel College, Oxford; he wrote two novels in 1847, "The Spirit's Trials" and "The Lieutenant's Daughter," and published his "Nemesis of Faith" in 1848. Between the years 1856 and 1869 he published his "History of England"; his after career has no more noteworthy events than his travels, his Commission to South Africa, his "Life of Carlyle," and his succession to Mr. E. A. Freeman as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He married a sister of the late Mrs. Charles Kingsley.

*From a Photo supplied by Mrs. S. M. Haynes.*

WOODCOT, WHERE MR. FROUDE DIED.

Just take one passage as an example, and it is one out of hundreds we might quote, to show a certain striking method which characterised his work. He is dealing with the rise of Protestantism and the execution of More and Fisher—

"Whilst we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon tinged with the light of its dying glory."

Mr. Froude's standpoint is, of course, the standpoint of Carlyle, and it is interesting to remember that of all the band of brilliant men who surrounded the Chelsea prophet Mr. Ruskin alone survives to-day. That standpoint was summarised in Lord Tennyson's well-known lines—

O God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by!
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Looking around for a strong man, Henry VIII. naturally occurred to Mr. Froude, and hence his great work, the joy of writing which was doubtless intensified by the manifold opportunities of attack upon ecclesiasticism, from which Mr. Froude was suffering so severe a reaction.

But Mr. Froude is not alone the historian of Henry VIII., of Edward VI. and of Elizabeth; he has given the world many interesting biographical works. Most striking, perhaps, of all his literary efforts are his "Short Studies," in which the Essay on Job is perhaps the most brilliant.

*From a Photo supplied by Mrs. S. M. Haynes.*

BOLT HEAD AND SALCOMBE BAR, THE SCENE OF LORD TENNYSON'S POEM.

THE LEADING LIVING HISTORIANS.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

PROFESSOR S. R. GARDINER.



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REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.



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FORMERLY REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY.

AN OLD CHAIR AND AN OLD HOUSE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Who was grandfather?" he asked, and they told him how he used to be very old, and used to be wheeled about in a garden-chair, and they showed him the garden-chair one day rotting in the out-house in which it had lain since the old gentleman had been wheeled away yonder to the church, of which the spire was glittering over the park elms."

The reader knows who asked the question: it was little Rawdon Crawley; and the grandfather who used to be very old was Sir Pitt. Lately on a sentimental journey, I saw such an old chair, covered with green leather; it did not rot in an out-house, but stood in a tiny black den of a room, scarcely wider than its one window, that looked out on yellowing October woods and on the Tweed. In this chair, too, a grandfather had been wheeled about a garden in the weeks before his death: this grand-

whereon a moralist might moralise by the hour, finding, like Jaques, "much matter" in the theme.

An old house, too, might be equally dear to the contemplative man. It is the house of Fairnilee, hidden by its woods, on the right hand of the road which runs by Tweed, exactly opposite the house of Yair. Here the Fairy Queen trysted with Thomas the Rhymer. Here the philosopher who now prattles passed many an hour in his boyhood, "thinking of the times that are long enough agone." In those years the stately house, with the coat of the Rutherfords over the door, had roofs at least on its corner turrets. But from one turret the roof has now fallen, and on the other, at a perilous angle, sticks a tattered conical roof, like the cap on the head of an intoxicated man. The ivy has been stripped off, the stairs are broken down—all is ruin. Yet this house has the sunniest aspect of any on Tweedside, and the grass slope to Tweed is that down which the author of "The Flowers of the Forest" used to roll in her happy childhood. It

superior to all kings for real worth and native honour." This lady was a Whig, and in the Forty-five was stopped by a Highland guard while she had in her pocket a song she had written in parody of Prince Charles's proclamation. It is the best song on that side of the quarrel, which did not attract the Muses. The Highlanders did her no harm, and, even had they found the treasonable song, the Prince Regent of half a year would only have laughed with the pretty traitress. She lived to call herself "a veteran in sorrow"; she, who had cried for an old tree cut down, lived to dim her bright eyes with every human grief save loss of honour. Yet she went on enjoying life, chronicling a "hartsome" Selkirk ball, "Lady Napier was Queen," and reporting the advent of Burns to the capital of the Forest. "He receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession, strong and coarse, but with a most enthusiastic heart of love." Burns mentions her in a letter of 1793; she died in 1794. She had seen the Fifteen, the Forty-five, the Terror; she had seen



A FOREST VILLAGE IN MADAGASCAR.

father wrote the "Tales of a Grandfather." In the sunny August days they wheeled him along his gravel-walks. The person who showed me the chair at Ashiestiel told me its legend. Sir Walter had given it, in the good times when all went well with him, to one of his kinsmen, the Russells of Ashiestiel, who was paralysed. Then the sick man died; but we are a thrifty people, and it was not thrust to rot in an out-house, like the chair of Sir Pitt Crawley. "Keep a thing, its use will come." Sir Walter wrote, and threw, and made the world forget its woes, and then he failed, and fought, and the predestined enemy, apoplexy, made its slow approaches, and he, too, was smitten down. Then he sent for the Ashiestiel chair, which was lent to him, and from between its comfortable arms he saw the last of the open air and of Abbotsford. Some twenty years the chair had waited for him, biding its time, in the narrow dark study, looking to the north, wherein he wrote "Marmion." Fame came to him, and wealth, and all that the world could give of love and praise, but the chair was waiting its hour. And it is waiting still, and ready to do its duty again, while the world, like the Tweed, rolls on its destined way. I do not know what vivid sense of our perishableness was aroused by this ordinary old piece,

was a rich house once, and there is room for a large merry family. Of old, about 1490, it belonged to the Kers—the family of Ker of Faldonside, who aimed his pistol at Queen Mary, when Rizzio was slain, and who wedded the widow of John Knox. In the year when Archbishop Sharp was murdered, the Lady Fairnilee was caught at a preaching by Claverhouse, and summoned before the Privy Council. In 1700 the Rutherfords bought the place, and set their shield on the door. The grandson of this Rutherford killed Scott of Raeburn, Sir Walter's ancestor, in a duel. The daughter of the first Rutherford, who married an Alison Ker, was the author of "The Flowers of the Forest," at least of one version of that song, and was the first to detect the genius of Scott when he was a little child. She was born (I borrow all the facts from Mr. Craig Brown's "History of the Forest"), in 1713. "I see myself made up like a ball," she wrote in her old age, "with my feet wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of the hill at Fairnilee, letting myself roll down to the bottom with infinite delight." At seventeen she is praised in a French eulogy of fair Scottish ladies. She did not marry her first love, but all her long life she cherished his letters, "the soul of a man

Burns in his prime and Scott in his glorious youth. As she wrote—

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours and felt her decay,
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

Her house is roofless, and the ancient lovers' tree behind it has fallen. There remain only crumbling and fissured walls, and the enclosure of the pleasance.

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awa!

The third volume of the "Comprehensive Gazetteer of England and Wales" (London: William Mackenzie), which Mr. J. H. F. Brabner, F.R.G.S., is editing, has just reached us. As an instance of how this work is brought up to date, it may be mentioned that the opening of the Leeds Medical School by the Duke of York, which only took place two or three weeks ago, is duly noticed. In the article on Hawarden, a village made famous by the residence there of Mr. Gladstone, it is stated that the inhabitants used to be stigmatised "Harden Jews" because of a legend that they destroyed an image of the Virgin Mary eight hundred years ago.

THE FEAST OF THE SHEFFIELD CUTLERS.

The Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, at which Lord Rosebery will be the chief guest on Thursday, Oct. 25, is one of the most historic and entertaining in England.



ARMS OF THE SHEFFIELD CUTLERS' COMPANY.

The white cloth has been laid annually on the banqueting-table, humble or prodigal, for nearly two hundred and fifty years; and the first guests, descendants of the brawny apomen, the cutler-smiths who hunted the antlered deer in Sheffield Park, have been succeeded by many distinguished diners-out—by ambassadors, statesmen, and potentates. Thomas Matthews, whose house was

on the old Fleet Bridge in London, earned his bread laboriously by making fine knives. At that time—it was in Elizabeth's reign—he had no idea that Sheffield as well as London would become the home of a worshipful Company of Cutlers as fastidious in the use of the knife and fork as in the make of them. The evolution of the Cutlers' Feast has been as remarkable as the evolution of the knife itself. The ancient whittle, or common cutting instrument, about which the poet Chaucer wrote, was followed by the mottoed knife, which never bore the Russian proverb "Women have long hair and no brains," but rather told of the beauty of maiden and her constancy. Then, springing from invention and skill, came knives of all sorts, for use and ornament; and now in most hands one finds the many-bladed modern knife, with haft of horn, ivory, pearl, or tortoise-shell of exquisite workmanship.

The old Cutlers' dinner in the tavern in Fargate, where the smell of cooking mingled with the film of smoke, has developed in like manner into a stately feast. The Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire was established in 1624, for "the good order and government of the makers of knives, sickles, shears, and scissors," and it has done much to encourage honest trading; but, after all, it is most conspicuous for its hospitality. As far back as 1677 Sir John Keresby was a guest at the feast, and left it on record that he was received in the street by the Master Cutler and his assistants amid the crash of music, the shouts of the rabble, and the ringing of bells, and that he was entertained with a very good dinner and great plenty of wine. The jovial knight was so delighted with the liberality of the Cutlers that he went to Sheffield again three years later in his coach, with a cavalcade of thirty horse. He was received once more with music and hautboys, himself and his retinuo treated with wine at a tavern, and with an extraordinarily good dinner, "at the charge," added Sir John, with Yorkshire shrewdness, "of the Corporation of Cutlers." In 1771 the feast was observed as a great holiday. It lasted three days, and there were a few aching heads at the end of it. Not only did the Cutlers eat, drink, and be merry; but the outsiders also indulged in festivity. Booths for the sale of fruit and spices were erected near the old Cutlers' Hall, and business was suspended in the town. The feast was attended by the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Devonshire, and others of the nobility, and was very sumptuous in character, a striking contrast to the Cutlers' dinner of twenty-two years previously, when the entire feast cost only two guineas, and consisted of such old English fare as roast beef, fowls, pies and puddings, ale and punch.

Gradually but surely social customs changed. The noonday dinner, the wine at the tavern, the country dance in the evening fell into desuetude. Early in this century the feast was held in the afternoon, and "consisted of the most delicate dishes which the art of an experienced confectioner is accustomed to supply." Toasts, songs, and sentiments came into fashion; and remembering that only a few days ago London was in a flutter at the supposed friction with France, it is interesting to read that one of the toasts was drunk to "Field-Marshal Wellington and his brave army—may he and his allies

sculptor, reference is made to the songs at the feast, Nicholas Jackson, the file-maker, and Billie Battie, another local worthy, dividing the honours of applause that rewarded their local ditties.

The company of knife-makers abandoned the Cutlers' Inn in 1726 to occupy their own hall, opposite the parish church, and were already noted for some pomp, having in their service a beadle clad in sumptuous raiment—a retainer proud indeed of his silver badge and laced hat. The existing Cutlers' Hall was built in 1832. Since then it has been extended, its most notable addition being the large banqueting-room, a fine hall in the Italian style. The building is adorned with sculpture and paintings; and also bears the quaint arms of the company with the motto, "Pour y parvenir a bonne foi," lingo over which many a working cutler has scratched his head in perplexity, though it is simply a rendering of the old English axiom: "To succeed in business, take care to keep up your credit." The Cutlers' Feast, since it was set out in this banqueting hall, has almost rivalled the Mansion House banquet in fare and in the loveliness of its appointments. The "Banquet of the North," as it is styled, has also gained much political importance. There has been a pleasant fiction for years that the feast has nothing whatever to do with politics; but before the days of the railway and the telegraph, statesmen spoke at it, and generally revealed to which party they belonged. Mr. Gladstone has never attended the feast; but it has become a sort of unwritten law that the Master Cutler's table should be graced by a Cabinet Minister, and since the days of John Arthur Roebuck—the tiny man in evening dress—who spoke there with rugged independence and satire as polished as crucible steel, the Government, whether Liberal or Tory, have invariably sent someone to disclose, mystify, or extenuate their policy.

Mr. C. H. Bingham, the new Master Cutler, is a member of the firm of Messrs. Walker and Hall, electro-plate manufacturers. He is a shrewd business man, and a courteous

A HERO OF THE RECENT FOREST FIRES.

A man who risks his own life to save only one person from an agonising death is justly regarded as a hero. But Engine-driver Barry, of the Eastern Minnesota Railway, saved five hundred lives by his great courage and presence of mind.

Hickley was running a freight train on the fatally eventful day when Hickley was burnt to the ground. The surrounding forests were in flames when he arrived at the station, and from all directions people were running to escape from the swiftly advancing wall of fire. A fast express passenger train was due. On its approach he notified to the engineer that it was impossible to proceed any further, as fires were raging eastward. Barry coupled on his engine to the end of the passenger train and brought it back to Hickley Station, now filled with refugees anxiously seeking a means of escape from the burning town. As it was evident that there was not sufficient room in the train for all, three large box cars were coupled on, and into these men, women, and children eagerly crowded. As Barry waited on his engine, he saw more people running towards the station. Before they could reach it the fire circled round them, and they were lost to sight in the cruel flames. Meanwhile the heat was growing so intense that fears were entertained that the cars might be set on fire. So he pulled across the span bridge over Grindstone River. Once there, and in comparative safety, he stopped and took more people up. Then he saw that the ties under the rails were on fire, and also that two bridges in front were burning. He glanced back at the town whence they had just escaped—it was a huge mass of flames! A hurricane was blowing and at that moment he nearly relinquished all hope of saving the train. He started again, but after going a mile he saw men and women on horseback galloping towards the line. Again he stopped. By this time the train was surrounded by flames, the heat and dense smoke were blinding. Directly these last arrivals had entered the already overcrowded train he started once more and raced at full speed with his precious human freight between the walls of fire. He ran as "fast as wheels could turn" for eight miles, knowing that the only hopes of escape lay in crossing the fast consuming bridges before they gave way, and in heading the flames. During this time of terrible anxiety his presence of mind did not desert him for a moment. Brave, resolute, and calm, he kept to his post. The woodwork of his engine took fire, and also his clothes. He threw water over the latter, and tied a wet towel round his head. At Sanstone he was forced to draw up and put out the fire, which had taken good hold of the engine. Then he started to race the flames once more and save five hundred lives. He soon reached Kettle River Bridge. It was on fire and burning vigorously. Its length was 700 ft. Barry realised that the only chance of escape was in attempting to cross it. He knew that if the bridge held out all would be saved; if not, the whole train would be precipitated into the river 140 ft. below. To remain where he was meant certain death to everyone. There was no time for hesitation; the terrible risk had to be faced. He put on full speed, and reached the other side in safety. Five minutes after, the bridge gave way. But he had not yet emerged from the burning forest. This is a well-timbered district, and so great was the force of the hurricane that the burning trees were uprooted. At last he succeeded in "heading the flames." Then he drew up for a few minutes at Patridge Station, to take in coals and water, and also to give the passengers water, many of whom were suffering intensely from heat and smoke. As soon as all had quenched their thirst he started for West Superior. On arriving there he could not see. For three hours continuous efforts were made to restore his sight. These efforts were, fortunately, successful. It is pleasant to record that Barry has sustained no lasting injury from his terrible experience, and has now resumed his duties on the railway.



Photo by H. Sheppard, St. Paul, Minnesota.

EDWARD BARRY, ENGINE-DRIVER.



Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Sheffield.

THE MASTER CUTLER (MR. C. H. BINGHAM).

gentleman, and he has done much good work in the city of skilful toil in which his life has been spent. Fortuna, with regard to the Cutlers' Feast, has smiled upon him. He has secured the Prime Minister as his chief guest, and Lord Rosebery will, no doubt, make an important speech, for Mr. Chamberlain, the storm petrel of the autumn campaign, has been busy, and the owner of Ladas has much to answer and refute. The banqueting hall on the Cutlers' Feast night always makes a brilliant picture. The prismatic light from the great glass chandeliers falls upon four hundred guests in quiet garb or uniform that tells of military service or the splendour of foreign Courts. There is in the gallery a group of fair faces and the shimmer and *frou-frou* of rich attire. It is not now customary to call upon any guest for a song. A band makes music, and the voices of accomplished vocalists echo through the hall. On Thursday the sweet sounds will be the prelude to responsible oratory; and there will be a flutter of expectation, as well as cheering, when the toast-master, standing behind Mr. Bingham's chair, says in ringing tones: "My lords and gentlemen, please charge your glasses. Pray silence for the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers!" J. P.

At a meeting on Oct. 18 at the Mansion House, London, of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum Library, presided; and Mr. Charles Welch, librarian to the City Corporation at Guildhall, read a paper on the organisation of free public reference and lending libraries all over London. It was stated that, of the fifty-four parishes or divisions of the metropolitan county, twenty-seven have

established free libraries, while the others have held aloof from the movement. In some large parishes it seems desirable that adjacent parishes should combine for the joint establishment of a free library on the border, where it may be that there is the largest population. This is the case at Finsbury Park, near the meeting-lines of North Islington, Stoke Newington, and South Hornsey.



CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

"subdue the tyrant of the age!" A toast-list of 1822, when the grim struggle at Hougoumont had resulted in Napoleon's overthrow, contained the toast: "The Duke of Wellington and the heroes of Waterloo"; and succeeding it were the sentiments: "The land we live in—may it afford plenty and the people be grateful"; and the convivial wish: "May we never want a friend to cheer us, nor a bottle to cheer him." In Holland's "Memorials of Chantrey," the

ONE JEALOUS OF A ROSE.

Ah, my rose-rival, beautiful in May!

I grant that I was withered then, and you,
Who mocked me with your beauty for a day—
So, you are withered too?

You blew the poignant sweetness of your breath
Into my face—you stabbed me with that thorn;
Ah, me! you made me heart-sick unto death.
Now, who is most forlorn?

You quite forgot the passion of the sun,
The singing of the young wind of the West,
And many a tree-born lover, for the one
Who wore you on his breast.

And now you are so old . . . Did he not bring
You, once in Enna, from some dew-dim dell,
To Proserpina (to soothe her lord, the King),
Beside the gate of Hell? SARAH PLATT.

Surgeon-General Sir J. Turner. Mr. W. Hickman. Dr. John Lowe. Mr. J. E. Erickson. Sir James Dent. Dr. James Bell. Sir W. Beaumont. Sir Joseph Lister. Sir H. J. W. Acland. Sir Dye Duckworth. Dr. W. S. Playfair. Sir F. H. Laking. Dr. George Wilks. Dr. George Lawrence. Sir Edwin Saunders.



Sir George Johnson.

Sir Richard Quain.

Sir William Jenner.

Sir E. H. Steevens.

Dr. Astley.

Sir Alfred Garrod.

EMINENT DOCTORS.

ART NOTES.

The Society of Portrait Painters which this year finds shelter in the New Gallery has done wisely in shifting the time of its exhibitions. In July the public is suffering from the surfeit of the season, and unable to appreciate anything at its correct value. The present collection—notwithstanding the good intentions and efforts of the hanging committee—can scarcely be regarded as up to the standard of previous years. Whilst serving to show that

remark. Among the male celebrities Mr. Gossé has met with better treatment at the hands of Mr. J. Sargent than Mr. Walter Besant at those of Mr. A. E. Emslie, the latter being subjected to the superfluous mischance of having his picture hung so as to force a comparison with M. Cormon's literally "speaking" likeness of Maitre Allard—the ornament of the French Bar. Mr. Sandys' work in crayon, though at times "worried," is always complete and in excellent taste, as the portraits of Lord Wolseley, Dr. Westcott, and others testify.



"A WINTER SUNSET."—BY CHARLES MOSS.
In the Photographic Society's Exhibition.

portraiture is held in high favour among artists of all degrees, it proves that, so far as the English school is concerned, there is little or no agreement as to how flesh should be painted. Every sort of ideal is to be found among those who practise the art, and the result is that everything, from ivory to brown paper, seems to enter into the manufacture of men's and women's faces. The French artists have more definite ideas of how to attain their aims, and from such works as Mrs. Campbell Clarke, by Carolus Duran, the nameless lady (33) by Léon Comerre; as well as from Bastien Lepage's Madame Lebègue, and M. Gaudara's Princesse de Chimay, there is much to be learnt, and in them all much to be admired. Next to the French, the Scotch artists seem to have appreciated more definitely the conditions under which portraiture should be pursued. Mr. John Lavery's Duchesse de Frias and Mrs. Fitzroy Bell are at one end of the file, and Mr. J. H. Lorimer's portraits of his father and Miss Anstruther Thomson are at the other, but both artists show an equal appreciation of the problems they set themselves to solve. Between these two extremes there are the works of Mr. J. Guthrie and Mr. Mouat Loudan.

The most ambitious picture in the whole collection is, without doubt, Professor Herkomer's portrait of Miss Letty Lind, in which he has endeavoured to convey the poetry and vivacity of the "serpentine" dance, with which that lady's name is associated. The picture in itself is scarcely more than a scheme of colour and a rendering of floating draperies over which an electric-light rainbow presides for some unaccountable reason. The lines of the gauze draperies are not graceful, and the colour, though cleverly modulated, is outdone by M. Besnard's "Study in Orange and Blue," which occupies the chief place in the North Room. Both artists seem to have altogether discarded the human element from their portraits as a matter of subsidiary importance; but happily this view is not widely held even by those to whom impressionism is the result of elaborate study and painstaking. For example, nothing can be more harmoniously suggestive of feminine grace than Mr. Whistler's portrait of Mrs. Bernard Sickert, whilst at the same time conveying a vivid likeness. In another way, Mr. Ernst Oppler's "Sphinx," shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness, is an instance of how the beauty of line and form can be preserved among unfavourable surroundings; and Prince Troubetzkoi's "Home Rule" portrait of Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding certain obvious shortcomings, is an excellent rendering of a vigorous old man's face on whom the stress of work and time had been recently very great. Here again, however, there are materials for comparison with Professor von Lenbach's treatment of the Field-Marshal Von Moltke, who was nearly Mr. Gladstone's contemporary; and it is interesting to see the way in which the skin surface in each has been reproduced. Mr. Ouless's portrait of Mr. Smith Barry, M.P., gives the impression of a vigorous and determined but kindly man; and Mr. Orchardson's Boy is thoroughly frank and boyish. Among the host of fair women who claim our attention, Mr. J. J. Shannon's Mrs. Creelman stands eminently first; and with Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Mrs. S. E. H." and the Hon. J. Collier's Miss Brenda Pattinson will probably attract the most notice; but in the South Room there are some interesting chalk drawings which should not be passed without

starting-point, together with the "ingenious" portrait of the "ingenioso hidalgo." Mr. Watts shows how little value is to be attached to this work, and in its place substitutes the head of a young man taken from a large picture at Seville by Pacheco, Velasquez's father-in-law. The picture is one of six illustrating the good deeds of the Redemptorist Fathers, among which is to be reckoned the rescuing of Cervantes from the hands of the Barbary and Algerine pirates by whom he had been taken prisoner. In this particular picture one figure, that of a young man seated at the end of the ship and helping to push her off the shore, is brought into special prominence; and, after a careful sifting of the facts, Mr. Watts concludes that there is reasonable ground for supposing that this may be an authentic likeness of Cervantes soon after his return to Spain.

The report of the official *Reichsanzeiger* of the results of the excavations at Hissarlik during the present year goes far to sustain the claims put forward by the late Dr. Schliemann in favour of this being the site of the original Troy. The work has now reached the sixth layer of buildings, at least seven cities being supposed to have been erected on the same spot. The remains now discovered are in a better state of preservation than those in the upper layers; but so far nothing has been discovered which assigns to the city belonging to this period any but a Greek origin. Old pottery, numerous articles of household use, and one finely sculptured fountain have been unearthed; but these, as well as the tombs among which they are interspersed, point clearly to the earlier stages of Greek art, and reveal nothing of the aboriginal Trojan art, of which archaeologists are every year becoming more and more sceptical.

Pope Leo XIII. is as anxious to bring the forgotten art treasures of the Vatican to notice as he is to help historians by its literary records. The restoration of the "Borgia" rooms in the Papal palace should bring to light many hitherto unknown *chef-d'œuvre*. Altogether there are six rooms, dedicated to various patrons. The lunettes in the Pontiff's room are said to have been originally painted by Giotto; but of these nothing remains; and the work on the walls was executed by Giovanni d'Udine and Pierino del Vaga, under the pontificate of Leo X. The large chimneypiece in one of these rooms is attributed to Simone Mosca from designs by Sansovino. In the three adjoining rooms, respectively dedicated to the Madonna, the Saints, and the Liberal Arts, the ceilings were painted by Pinturicchio and Bonifilio. In most instances it has been found that the paintings have been covered with whitewash, which it has been necessary to remove with the greatest care, as, from long neglect, the stucco in many places is in a very precarious condition. In some places it was found that no less than seven coatings of whitewash had to be removed, affording a curious record of the various restorations or cleanings which this part of the Vatican has undergone. When the present work has been completed, under the superintendence of Count Vespiagnani, it is the Pope's intention to establish in the rooms a museum of works of Christian art belonging to the Renaissance period.

THE STEAM-SHIP "VIENNA."

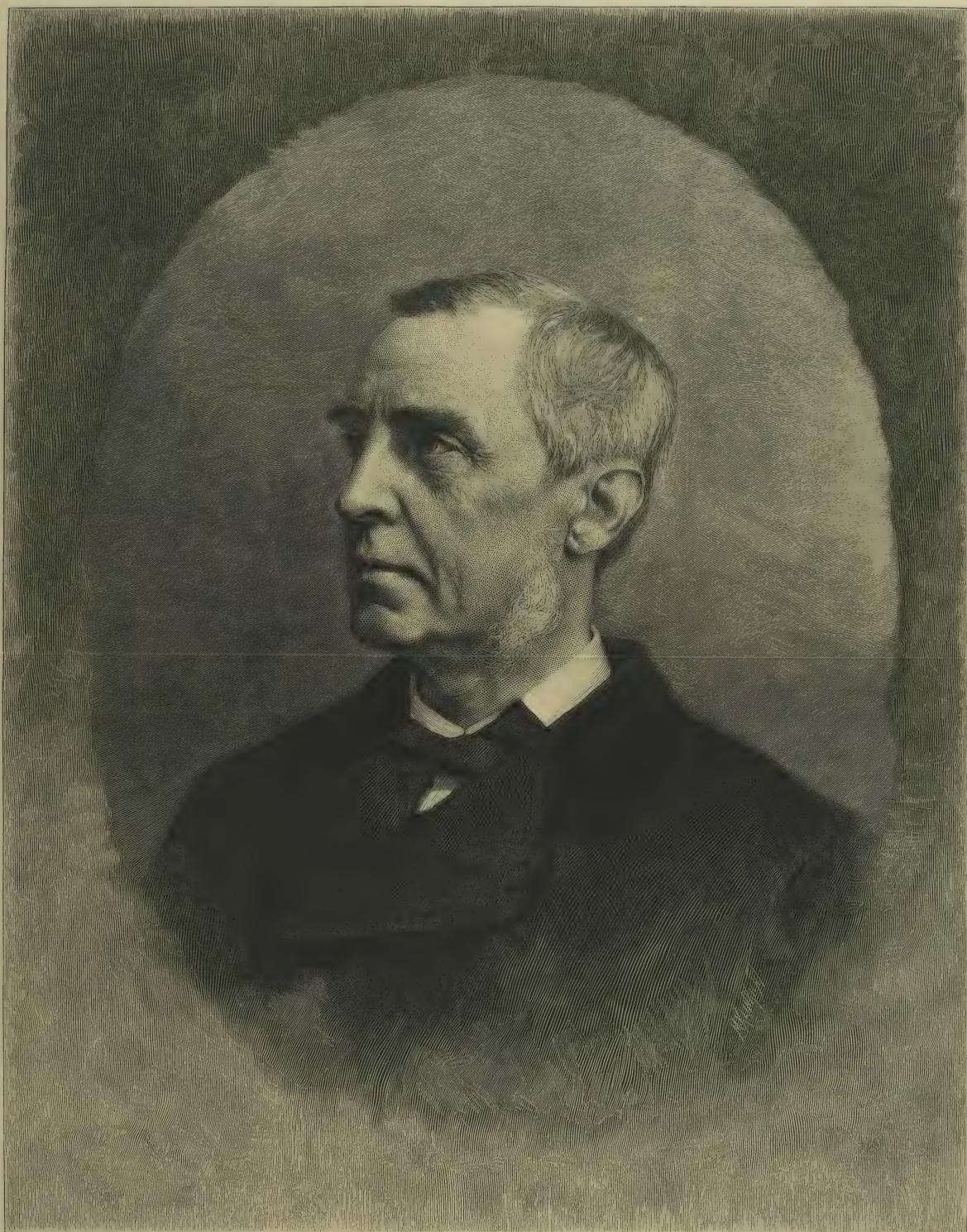
The Great Eastern Railway Company has added another steamer to what has become an important fleet. The *Vienna*, which has just had a successful trial trip, is a sister ship to the *Berlin* and *Amsterdam*, which travellers between Harwich and the Hook of Holland have appreciated so much this year. The new steamer has cost £70,000, and is a twin-screw of 1745 gross tonnage, with an indicated engine-power of 5000-horse. She is divided into eight water-tight compartments; she carries eight boats, six of which are life-boats. Accommodation for two hundred first-class passengers is provided, and electric light adds to



THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW STEAM-SHIP "VIENNA."

London. This so-called portrait, which Thomas King *invenit et delineavit*, was engraved by George Vertue, and was presumably "invented" from the description which Cervantes gives of himself in the introduction to the second part of the Don's adventures. Lord Carteret's edition was the first which could in any sense be regarded as one worthy of Cervantes' rank as an author, and subsequent Spanish editors and commentators were willing to adopt it as a

the convenience of the cabins, which are most comfortably furnished. On the trial trip, which took place on Oct. 20, a speed of 18½ knots an hour was attained by the *Vienna*, and the distinguished company on board had every reason to compliment the enterprising Great Eastern Railway Company on their latest acquisition. The growing popularity of the Hook of Holland route will certainly be increased by the *Vienna*.



THE LATE MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

LAMBETH PALACE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

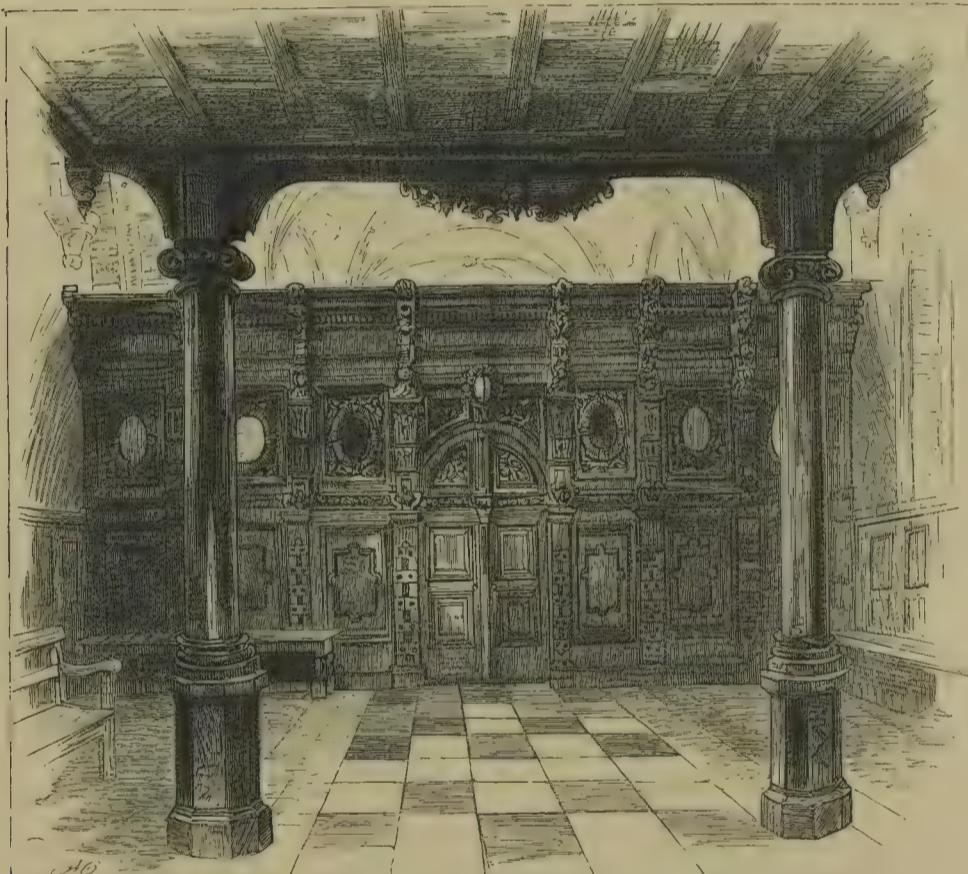
Few parts of London, perhaps, are more densely populated than the district lying on the Surrey side of the Thames between Vauxhall and Westminster Bridge; and when we read that in the time of Queen Elizabeth a license was granted to Dr. Andrew Perne, Dean of Ely, for the killing of "bustards, wyld swans, barnacles, all manner of sea-fowls and fen-fowls, teals, coots, ducks, and all manner of deare, red, fallow, and roo," in this neighbourhood, it seems hardly conceivable that he brought home very heavy bags. Or, again, when we learn that once a year a salmon from Lambeth water was supplied to the monks of Rochester, our natural conclusion is that on one day of the year, at any rate, the monks had no fish for dinner.

But though the salmon and the sea-fowl, the coots and the red deer are no longer sought and found in the waters and gardens of Lambeth, there still remains some of that old house which stood amid its "pleasant orchards," and saw the hunting parties set forth, to return home laden with their "red-deare, fallow and roo." But though Lambeth House, as it used to be called, has not disappeared like its environment, yet as one sees it now, in piles of red and grey towers, it bears on its face a long record of change.

Roughly speaking, all the older part of the house lies fronting the river. The two brick towers forming the great gate were built by Cardinal Morton, who occupied the see from 1486 - 1501; the Library was rebuilt after the Rebellion by Archbishop Juxon; the Water Tower, usually



LAMBETH PALACE FROM THE RIVER.



ANTECHAPEL, WITH LAUD'S SCREEN, LAMBETH PALACE.

but inaccurately called the Lollards' Tower, belongs to various dates from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century; and the chapel, which lies just behind it, is not later than the middle of the thirteenth.

How it was that Lambeth came to be the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, situated as it is in the diocese of Rochester, is an interesting story. In the twelfth century Canterbury itself was the centre of a continual struggle between the Papal and the English Churches. The monks were for ever in conflict with the Archbishops, and, to rid himself of their constant interference, Archbishop Baldwin, in 1185, resolved to create a new centre, found a Chapter of Monks, who should be independent of the Regulars at Canterbury, and build a house for himself in their midst. Eventually the idea of a new chapter had to be abandoned, but Lambeth became, and has continued for nearly seven hundred years, the residence of the Archbishops.

The oldest part of the house at present standing is the north corner fronting the river, and consists of the Water Tower, which has been much added to later, and the chapel. The chapel is built on a crypt, and is of the finest Early English work. As has been often noticed, it most closely resembles the Temple Church, which dates from 1240, and we may say without hesitation that it was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and most authorities agree, under the Archepiscopate of Boniface of Savoy. The crypt is certainly earlier, and belongs probably to the preceding century.

On each side of the chapel there are four bays divided into triple lancets. The easternmost of these on the north and south do not contain glass, but serve respectively as a vestry and organ chamber, and as what is known as the "invalids' gallery," which opens out of the picture

gallery. The shafts of these bays are of Purbeck marble, each shaft consisting of one stone. The east window has five lancets, and corresponds to the west window, which, however, was blocked up when the Water Tower was added. Cardinal Morton was the first to put stained glass in these windows, at the end of the fifteenth century; but when a century and a half later Laud was appointed to the see, he found, as he says, that the windows were "shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat." He could not, he said, "resort unto the chapel to worship God with any comfort" while it "lay so nastily," and he set to work to restore it; but, wise man as he was, he used all the old glass in his restoration, only putting in new pieces where the old was missing. But this restoration was made by the Puritans into an indictment against him. He was charged with introducing a crucifix into the east window, whereas in reality he had only restored the Crucifixion scene, and all the windows were destroyed. The present windows, however, keep to the same general arrangement as those which Cardinal Morton put up and Laud restored, and which is known to us, by a curious irony of fate, from the description given of them by Prynne, Laud's bitterest enemy and accuser. To Laud also we owe the wooden screen separating the chapel from the antechapel, which, though it is certainly not very harmonious with the pure simple architecture of the fabric, is still a fine piece of work.

After Laud's execution Lambeth was seized by the Puritans, and actually sold. The Great Hall had been demolished, and the chapel turned into a dancing-room, as we are told in the Chronicles, though it seems reasonable to suppose that this is a mistake for "dining-room," since it is hardly credible that Puritans would have permitted the other. A memorial of this time still exists in the chapel, which can hardly escape the notice of the most casual visitor. In the centre of the chapel-floor is a stone with the following inscription—

CORPUS
MATTHIEI
ARCHIEPISCOPI
TANDEM HIC QVIESCIT.

In the chapel at that time stood the tomb of Matthew Parker, a former Archbishop, "which checked them"—so says Dent—"in their mirth." The



THE CRYPT, LAMBETH PALACE.

Puritans dug up the body, sold the coffin, and scattered the bones on a dunghill. Twelve years later Archbishop Bancroft obtained an order from the House of Lords that the bones should be collected and buried again in the chapel, and over the second grave he cut the inscription we have noticed.

Many historical scenes have taken place on this spot. Here it was that John Wickliffe was charged with holding and teaching the heretical doctrine of Transubstantiation. Even as the trial was proceeding, before Archibishop Sudbury and other bishops, a number of Lollards burst into the chapel and refused to let the trial go on. It was in the crypt also that Anne Boleyn was brought before Cranmer, and, with the lives of others as well as her own dependent on her, confessed that she had been betrothed to Lord Percy before she married Henry. Here it was that Cranmer pronounced the sentence that her marriage with the King was invalid, though he must have known as well as Anne Boleyn herself that no such betrothal had taken place. Yet in spite of the unjust and cruel sentence he himself had passed, Cranmer writes to the King: "I loved her not a little for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His gospel. I was most bound to her of all creatures living." Later, Elizabeth in her visits to Lambeth entered by the very gate and steps down which her mother was taken back after her trial to the Tower to be executed.

The Water Tower, wrongly called the Lollards' Tower, is built on the west of the chapel facing the road. The Thames used to come up to the very



THE WATER TOWER (OLLARDS' TOWER) AND CHAPEL, LAMBETH PALACE.

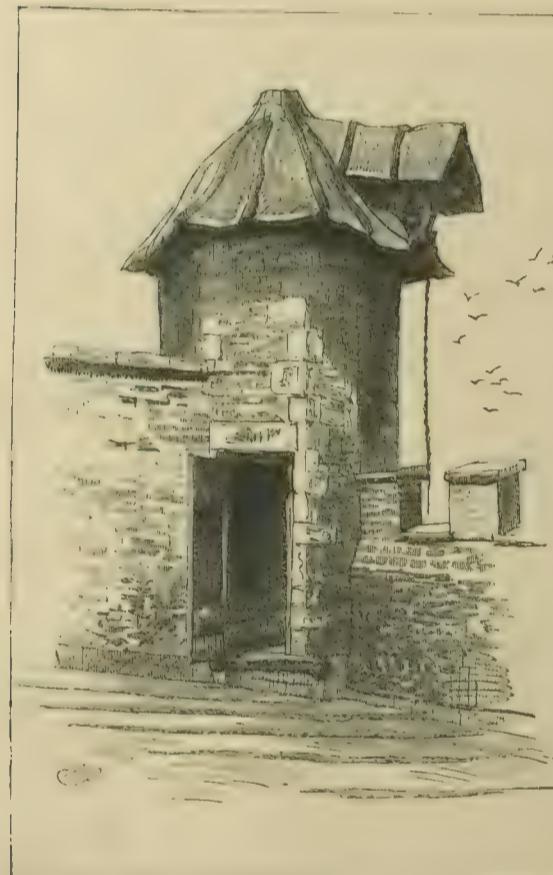
from the prison at Lambeth. Again, in later times, the son of the Earl of Surrey was sentenced to be kept at Lambeth Palace, under the custody of Archibishop Parker, while the Duke of Norfolk, concerned in the same conspiracy in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, was sent to the Tower and beheaded. So, too, in 1643, men were carried to "Lambeth House and other prisons appointed." It was from here that Dr. Guy Carleton, who after the Restoration was made Bishop of Bristol, managed to escape by letting himself down with a rope to a boat that was waiting at the foot of the Water Tower. The rope was of insufficient length, and he had to drop, whereby he broke his leg, but managed to escape to France. After Naseby, in 1645, the prison was fearfully overcrowded, and a terrible fever broke out among the prisoners. On the death register at Lambeth Church is a list of those who died "prisoners in Cant-House." But most touching record of all are the names carved on the oak panelling of the prison. Sometimes the name of the prisoner alone appears, sometimes the name of Christ, with a short piteous supplication. In that ill-ventilated, densely crowded area one can almost imagine that those who were carried off quickly by the fever were deemed more fortunate than the survivors.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A lively correspondence has been going on in the *Times* on Anglican orders. Cardinal Vaughan's positions are disputed by various authorities. In particular, it is maintained that the Greek Church does not disown the validity of Anglican orders.

The late Earl Grey was, it appears, a very decided Churchman. In 1885 when a very large number of Liberal candidates were pledged to Disestablishment and Disendowment, Earl Grey drew up an address in support of the Church to be signed by leading men who regarded Disestablishment as a calamity quite irrespective of politics. It produced, according to Mr. Granville Dickson, a very remarkable effect. Mr. Gladstone threw the subject of Disestablishment to a position in the rear, and no further steps were taken. Lord Grey was deeply



TOP OF THE WATER TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

foot of this tower, and at the base of it used to be moored the Archibishop's barge. The tower as it at present stands is of different dates, but the core of it, a narrow turret leading up to what is known as the Lollards' prison, is as early as the chapel crypt. Several traditions have grown up round this tower, which we are unwillingly forced to discredit. It is said that in the room at the base of it, leading into the antechapel, took place the whipping and punishment of heretics, and that the post in the centre was the whipping-post. Unfortunately, it is quite certain that the whipping-post, which is the *sors et origo* of the tradition, is only a prop to make the large roofspan less insecure, and was put up not earlier than the eighteenth century. Similarly there is a room at the top of the tower, known as the Lollards' prison. That it was a prison the heavy iron rings round the walls and the massive door testify, but there is no particle of evidence for supposing that Lollards were ever confined there. But, strange though it may seem to us now, clergy and clerks, who by a provision of the Magna Charta were tried in ecclesiastical courts, were confined in prisons attached to bishops' palaces. This custody in bishops' houses was also a means of protection to the clergy from the civil courts. We read, for instance, of a married chaplain being summoned before Archibishop Arundel



PRISON IN THE WATER TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

gratified by the success of his first efforts in Church defence, and his interest never flagged till the end. When the Disestablishment Bill was introduced, he was by no means satisfied with the Opposition policy, and urged that the Bill should have been resisted more on the question of principle than of injustice in detail.

One of the most important of recent declarations on Disestablishment has been made by Mr. Chamberlain. He will support Disestablishment in Wales, but will claim that the terms of that Disestablishment shall not be less favourable or less generous than those which were granted to the Church of Ireland.

The Rev. F. J. Chavasse, a well-known Evangelical, is to act as deputy for the Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford during the present term.

Two sons of Mr. Llewelyn Davies have been elected Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. They went out in Classics, and subsequently took up Moral Science. The election of two brothers simultaneously must be rare, and the election of the sons of one former Fellow and brothers of another still rarer. It is said that the last similar case which occurred was in the election of the late Bishop of Lincoln and his brother.

The new book by Canon Liddon on "Clerical Life and Work" will consist of sermons with an essay on the Priestly Life.

Sir William Muir, the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, has published a small orthodox tract on "The Authorship of Deuteronomy."

The *Church Times* has taken up the cause of Mr. Athelstan Riley with great enthusiasm. It proposes to raise £2000, and thus "to make the result of the election a certainty." The following paragraph occurs in its appeal



TURRET IN THE WATER TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

for money: "The whole strength of infidelity and political Nonconformity is against definite Christian teaching. From hundreds of Nonconformist pulpits in numberless political centres the order will go forth to vote against the cause of Christ."

Professor David Swing, of Chicago, a well-known American preacher, is dead. He was originally a Presbyterian, but was the victim of a heresy prosecution, and during the latter part of his life preached to an Independent congregation.

A translation of Professor Maspero's great work on "The Dawn of Civilisation" (Egypt and Chaldaea) will be published shortly by the S.P.C.K. A preface will be contributed by Professor Sayce. This is no doubt the most important work which has appeared in this country on the early history of Egypt and Chaldaea.

The venerable Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, who is nearly ninety-two years of age, has returned from his visit to the Italian lakes much benefited in health.

The statistical returns from the Methodist Church of Canada show that since the last general conference, held four years ago, there has been an increase of 119 in the number of churches, and 27,083 in the membership. There are now 3211 churches, 1996 ministers, and 290,953 members.

A granite obelisk is about to be erected at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, to the memory of John Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation." The cost will be about £1000, nearly three-fourths of which has been subscribed.



"ON THE BEACH."—BY H. GERVEX.

From the Salon of the Champ de Mars, 1894.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

When I am in want of half-an-hour's very innocent amusement, I have only to write a mild little paragraph on golf. It does not matter in the least what I write. So long as the paragraph in question contains any suggestion, however gently put, that there are other amusements in life besides golf, I am sure at once of attaining my end. Some years ago I suggested that cricket was a much more typical game for boys than golf. I held then, as I hold now (and I am far from being alone in enunciating this opinion), that cricket is better adapted to develop, not only the boy's muscles, but the boy's character. The head master of more than one public school, lamenting the decadence of cricket, has given vent to like opinions. Well, in saying so much, be it observed, I never decried golf; yet from one cause or another, certain members of the golfing fraternity have chosen to regard me as a "natural enemy" of their race. Thus I have enjoyed my latest half-hour's amusement over the very innocent lucubrations of a Mr. H. S. C. Everard on some remarks of mine recently published in this column. He dubs the golfer my "natural enemy"—why, goodness, and Mr. H. S. C. Everard, only know. Nowhere, or at any time, have I ever said a word against golf as a game, save in its relationship to cricket for youths, and I will add, lawn-tennis for girls. To note the opinions of certain golfers, who apparently don't take the trouble to read what I did write, one may well wonder that era now I have not dynamited my "natural enemy," or that, in turn, I have not been brained with a golf-club whenever I have set foot on the links.

I observe Mr. H. S. C. Everard and others of his kind always write golf with a capital "G." I regret I am unable to share even this caligraphic enthusiasm, being mainly concerned to correct Mr. H. S. C. Everard (as I before corrected a certain reverend golfer in these pages) in the matter of their gratuitously and erroneously asserting my natural enmity to "the royal game." As to the fact that some golfers may also be good cricketers, a point on which Mr. H. S. C. Everard also lays much unnecessary stress, I merely inquire, *Quis negavit?* Finally, how my opinions concerning the way in which we are compelled to spend our wet holidays in country places concern Mr. H. S. C. Everard as a golfer, I know not. I suggested that at such times we were all very dull, and that a little more humanity and less dull respectability would tend to the brightening of the holiday time. Mr. H. S. C. Everard will perhaps be good enough to permit me to think as I please on the latter point, however superior to mine his ideas and opinions regarding golf as the one delight of existence may be. I thank him again, however, for the innocent recreation he has afforded me. All the same, when one gets just a little weary of the eternal talk about golf (even when written with a small "g") one can sympathise with the lady who proposed a certain alteration in the marriage-service: "I take thee," the bride would say, "for better or worse—but not for golf!"

Another contribution to my letter-box contains a criticism on my remarks regarding the miracle or faith-cures at St. Winifred's Well. My correspondent argues that the miraculous may not have ceased from among us. In reply to his courteous note, may I suggest that this consideration formed no essential part of my criticism on the asserted miracle cures at Holywell. I am not in the least concerned with the hypothesis whether or not miracles are still actualities of life. What I am concerned with is the more pertinent and primary question: Are these things cures at all? If we assert that a cure has been accomplished, my argument is that it is only a "cure" of a nervous ailment of hysterical type, and not the abolition, as is freely asserted, of cancers, tumours, diseased spines, and paralysed brains and spinal cords. And this reminds me, by the way, that I emphasised the fact that you hear of "cures" in plenty, but learn nothing of the subsequent history of these cured cases, nor of any failures at all. Here is a very striking comment on my recent remarks. In the *British Medical Journal* of Oct. 13, I read that a devout patient, suffering from ulceration of the stomach, went to St. Winifred's Well; and on her return, buoyed up by fervent faith and hope, informed her friends "that she felt so well that she could eat anything." Now, among the miscellaneous dietary this unfortunate patient fancied she could digest was that somewhat tough comestible, pigs' feet. After an injudicious meal the poor woman rose hurriedly from the table, was found in an adjoining room in great agony, and died next day from perforation of the stomach—the natural sequence of overtaxing the weakened organ. Comment on this very sad case is surely unnecessary. None the less, it has its obvious moral.

We are very often tempted to underrate the nervous powers of the lower animals. Perhaps this is but natural when all is said and done, because it is a very prominent characteristic of humanity that it very often imagines that nothing can exist which it itself does not perceive. True, science is always correcting this notion, or at least doing its best to modify the error of supposing that our senses are the most acute. Taken all round, they are very fairly developed indeed; but lower life here and there goes far ahead of us in special directions.

Lately, certain experiments made upon fresh-water crustaceans seem to justify the foregoing remarks. Their ears are said to be sensitive to sounds representing 40,000 vibrations per second, such sounds as we cannot possibly hear. Again, their eyes are sensitive to ultra-violet rays, which we cannot perceive at all. Natural light is made up, as we know, of different rays, and appears white to us. In the case of the crustaceans to which I refer, the analysis of light they can make would resolve white light into its coloured constituents. But where we gain is in our appreciation of what we do see. Our consciousness, depending on our well-developed frontal brain, gives us an appreciation and enjoyment of life far ahead of that to which lower life can lay any possible claim.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
F R Ford (Liverpool).—(1) We cannot reply by post, and have already pointed out that the problem cannot be solved as you suggest. (2) Write to the author, 5, Heygate Street, Walworth. The price is one shilling.

A Piper (Malta).—We do not quite understand your question, but the Rook must go to R 2nd to prevent a subsequent check by Black Rook at R 3rd.

L. Noir FAINEANT (Worksop).—Freeborough is as good as anything, and perfectly up to date. The chart you speak of was published by Mr. Greenwell, and can be obtained at 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.

A CHALLENGER.—Thanks for problem, which shall be examined at once.

W T PIERCE.—Many thanks. The other problem shall be inserted.

WHY NOT.—Thanks. Clearly you have discovered your error.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2631 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2634 from Miss Mathews, W A Leggo (Ottawa), A P (St John, N.B.); and C Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2635 from J O Ferrall, Why Not, T G (Ware), Meursius (Brussels); J Ross (Whitley), and W Butler (Harrowden); of No. 2636 from C E Perugini, R Worsters (Canterbury), J Bailey (Newark), J F Moon, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Ubique, and G Douglas Angus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2637 received from Shadforth, W R Bailem, H S Brandreth, Dawn, C Butcher, jun. (Bordesley), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J D Tucker (Leeds), Martin F, W David (Cardiff), R H Brooks, F Dixon, G Douglas Angus, L Desanges, T G (Ware), J F Moon, G Joyce, R Worsters (Canterbury), J Ross (Whitley), Alpha, C D (Camberwell), T Roberts, J Coad, Sorrento, J W Scott (Newark), Edward J Sharpe, H B Hurford, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W Wright, C E Perugini, and E Louden.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2636.—By F. HEALEY.

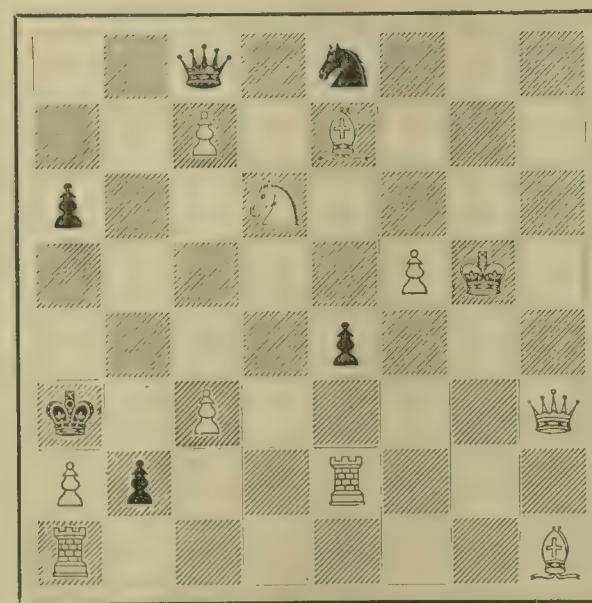
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd K moves
2. Q to Q 7th (ch) R takes Q
3. Kt mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to B 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 8th (ch); and if Black play 1. P to B 4th, or any other, then 2. B takes R (ch); and 3. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2639.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Messrs. BIRD and ROLLOND.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt takes B	K takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. P to Q 5th	B to Q 2nd
3. B to K 2nd	Q to K 5th (ch)	18. P takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
4. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	If P takes P, then Q to K sq (ch), &c.	
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. Q to Kt 3rd	Q R to Kt sq
6. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 2nd	20. Q to R 3rd	
7. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 3rd	"This and the preceding moves are very forcible."	
8. P to K B 4th	Kt to R 4th	21. P takes P (ch)	Q R to B sq
9. K to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 6th	22. Q takes P	Kt takes P
10. R to R 2nd	P to Kt 5th	23. P to Q 6th	R to K sq
11. Kt to Q 5th	P to Kt 5th	24. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
Quite in White's vigorous style. A splendid attack is obtained at the cost of a piece.		25. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	Q takes Q
12. K B takes P	Kt to R 3rd	26. B takes Q (ch)	R to K 2nd
13. B takes P	Q to K 2nd	27. B takes R (ch)	K to K sq
14. P to K 5th	P to K 5th	28. Q R to K sq	B to K 3rd
It seems White might have regained the piece at once by K to B 2nd, but the text move is more attacking.		29. B to Kt 7th	R to Kt sq
15. P to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	30. B to B 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
16. P to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	31. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt 7th (ch)
17. P to B 3rd	P to K 2nd	32. R tks Kt (ch)	K to B sq
18. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	33. B to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
19. Kt to K B 3rd	Q R to Kt 5th	34. B takes B	Resigns

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following game obtained the brilliancy prize in the St. John Globe (New Brunswick) tournament.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Stebbins).	BLACK (Mr. Narraway).	WHITE (Mr. Stebbins).	BLACK (Mr. Narraway).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	no escape after. R takes R is effectually answered by B takes Kt.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. B takes Kt	
3. Q takes P	Q to Kt 3rd	18. R takes R	B takes R
4. Q to K 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	19. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th
5. B to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	20. Q to K B sq	P to Q R 3rd
6. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th
7. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to Kt sq	P to Q 5th
8. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 2nd	23. B to K 3rd	
9. Kt to K B 3rd	Q R to Kt 5th	The sacrifice of the Queen might almost have been anticipated, but is very interesting. White had no good square for the Kt in any case.	
10. P to Q 3rd	Kt takes B (ch)	24. P takes Kt	
11. Q takes Kt	K to K 2nd	25. R takes Q	P takes P (ch)
12. Castles (Q R)	Castles (Q R)	26. K to Kt sq	R takes R
13. Q to B 4th	B to B 3rd	27. P to Kt 4th	R to Q 6th
14. K R to K sq	K R to K sq	Another pretty stroke. It aims at R takes P, B whirling, and White wins if P takes R by force of material after B takes P (ch). &c. Each of the concluding moves is problematical, and the brilliancy prize is worthily secured.	
15. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd	28. B to B sq	P takes B (a Q) (ch)
16. Kt to Q 4th	R takes P	29. Q to K sq	B to Q 5th
17. Kt takes Kt		30. Q to K 6th	Black wins.
It does not appear, on analysis, that Kt takes B is any better in the long run, although, if the reply is R takes Q. White at once wins the opposing Queen by Kt (at Q 6th) to K 7th (ch); but his Kt has			

The Polytechnic Chess Club visited the Spread Eagle Club on Oct. 8, and played eight boards, the home team winning by 6½ to 1½.

The *Chess Monthly* for October contains a portrait sketch of Herr Lipke, whose recent performance at Leipzig is well before the public.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is very interesting to hear that the Marchioness of Londonderry, one of the prettiest and smartest great ladies, and one of the most distinguished hostesses of London society, knows something practically of cooking. Her Ladyship has engaged a teacher of cooking for the working men's wives at New Seahan, a mining village belonging to the Marquis; and it was in opening the series of lessons that the Marchioness observed that "she was never without a practical knowledge of the subjects on which she preached, and assured her auditors that she knew something practically of cooking." Her further observations on grilling chops and making soups proved that this was no idle boast. She advised that there should be in the workman's home a stock-pot for bones and scraps, and pointed out that a flavoured stock thus made, finished off with an onion and a carrot and any stray bits of bread, would be a far better dinner or supper for the children than bread and tea. But, alas! such teachings are too likely to fall on deaf ears—deaf like those of the adder in the Bible who is so curiously described as stopping her ears. I wonder if Lady Londonderry knows the poor as well as she knows how to cook? If so, she will be aware that cheapness is a fatal objection with them (as a class—there is some sense distributed among them, of course). Few mistresses of middle-class homes but have heard proudly uttered by the cook, as a token of the superior refinement of the down-stairs table, "There's none of us in the kitchen as likes soup, Ma'am," when the mistress has suggested that the kitchen supper might be made from a soup concocted something like Lady Londonderry's recipe. The poorer the homes they came from originally, and the poorer the class into which they have any chance of marrying, the more certain it is that the servants will despise any food, however tasty and nourishing, that is known (and because it is known) to be economical.

This is not a peculiarity of servants, but of the poorer class of English people as a whole. "None of us will eat cooked-up cold meat," said to me the other day a woman whose family had great difficulty in getting any meat at all. Even the Scotch are far wiser than the English poor, and the French peasant and labouring classes are as much more sensible than our working people in their food arrangements as they obviously are in dress. The dirty finery of our working girls and the over-worn cloth clothes of the men engaged in occupations that soil the attire, can be contrasted with the neat dresses and the washing blouses of the analogous classes in France; and just the same difference really exists in their habits of diet. Will generations of teaching alter it, I wonder? I once acted as a judge at a cookery exhibition where there was a prize offered for the best dinner for a working man at sixpence a head. Almost without exception, the working-man's wife had turned to pork for the only possibility. Fried pork-chops, boiled bacon, boiled salt pork! It was explained to the competitors afterwards that pork is the most indigestible of all meat; that it takes six hours to digest, as against three and a half hours for beef and four for mutton; that it is more subject to diseases that can be contracted by man from eating it than any other sort of meat; that Sir Benjamin Richardson has pointed out that the comparative immunity of the Jews from disease, even though they have been generally forced to live crowded and poor, was chiefly due to their avoidance of pig for food. Would all this produce any effect?

Pork, it must be confessed, figures largely in a really remarkable series of recipes given in a little book called "One hundred cheap dishes, each of which can be made for less than a shilling." The author of this has published several other books on cheap cookery, some of which, especially "Dinner Dishes" and "Supper Dishes" "for People of Small Means," have become celebrated. There are crowds of cookery-books for the rich, but these are avowedly for the majority, who are—not rich! However, they all presuppose a good fire, and plenty of time on the part of the cook, and thus are really not suited for the poor so much as for the "gentle" poor who are so numerous in the European overcrowded and over-educated countries. Each of the author's dishes is sufficient for four or five people, at a cost of a shilling for the whole party, and it is certainly interesting to see how she makes no fewer than 101 of these dainty *plats*. She does it fairly, but pork sadly often figures as the chief item. Well, after all, pork was the mainstay of our forefathers. It was not the roast beef of Old England that fed the men of Cressy, Agincourt, or the Commonwealth; in those times beef was a rare dish for the greater part of the year. It was the pig that was the only abundant and usual meat of those days, when neither turnips nor cultivated grasses had been introduced, and when, accordingly, nearly all the few beasts had to be killed off and stored in salt for the winter, and the sheep were grown for our then staple industry—the wool trade—and not for food. So one must not speak of pork too scornfully; moreover, it is still the cheapest meat that can be had, for strong digestions—nothing is cheap that injures health.

The winter bonnets are remarkable for two features chiefly—their extreme width over the face, and their tendency to have something drooping over the back hair at each side of the back, or alternatively at one side. This appendage is formed by feathers in the prettiest models. It is true they are not very serviceable for winter wear, but that does not alter the fact that they are soft and becoming on the head. But very often a tail of velvet is placed in that position, and is so large and pendent as to remind one of the pictures of the bonnets of "the Fifties" with their "curtains" covering the back hair. Velvet figures largely on the bonnets, as it usually does in winter, but this year more so than usual, because it is being so much worn for dresses and trimmings. This being the case, it follows that some of the most distinguished bonnets have crowns of cloth, so as to make them uncommon—the first requisite for being <i

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PRESS OPINIONS.

The "TIMES": The Goldsmiths' Company's Collection of Jewels, the moderate prices of which, combined with admirable taste and high quality, defies competition and deserves attentive examination.

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The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": The Goldsmiths' Company supply the public direct at manufacturers' cash prices, thereby dispensing with the middleman and saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits usually obtained. The display of Jewellery is not to be surpassed for variety, novelty, and beauty anywhere.

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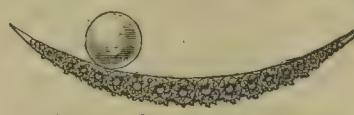
The "GENTLEWOMAN": The Goldsmiths' Company seem to have excelled themselves in their gem-work. We have never seen diamonds more beautifully mounted, and, indeed, the stones were worthy of special manipulation. Their Illustrated Catalogue is a most dainty volume, and worthy of the highest praise.

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The "WORLD": The Goldsmiths' Company's establishment is always a fashionable place for Wedding Presents, and their Catalogue is a veritable work of art, being so beautifully bound you could keep it on a boudoir table.

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The "OBSERVER": . . . At the Goldsmiths' Company in Regent Street, where so many pretty things may be had at such temptingly moderate prices.



Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £7.

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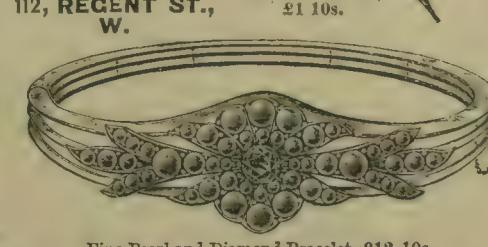
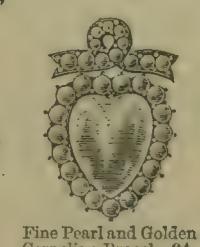
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COMPANY,

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The "FINANCIAL NEWS": The Managers of the Goldsmiths' Company, if they cannot boast of the hoary honours of the large firms they have successively absorbed, can with justice claim that they have introduced a life and vigour which before the establishment of their business were wanting. The Goldsmiths' Company has taken a leading position in the trade.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, RECENT STREET, W.

"TRUTH": We visited the Goldsmiths' Company's premises in Regent Street and saw some lovely things in jewellery. Their stock is all marked in plain figures—such a comfort to the buyers. We had one of their Illustrated Catalogues, and with difficulty tore ourselves away from all the enchantment.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, RECENT STREET, W.

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL": In the handsome show-rooms of the Goldsmiths' Company may always be seen a beautiful and striking assemblage of diamond and other jewellery, and one cannot fail to be struck by the artistic skill and judgment evident in all the productions of this notable house.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, RECENT STREET, W.

The "SKETCH": The Goldsmiths' Company are noted for their magnificent stock of perfect Diamonds; they have always a wonderful array of superb gems, which they supply direct at merchants' cash prices.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, RECENT STREET, W.

"COURT JOURNAL": Those who contemplate purchasing wedding presents should pay the Goldsmiths' Company a visit, or, if this be impossible, write for a copy of their highly artistic catalogue.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, RECENT STREET, W.

"VANITY FAIR": We know of no firm that has made such rapid progress as the Goldsmiths' Company.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 8, 1894), with two codicils (dated April 13 and July 21 following), of Mr. Anthony Staresmore Benn, of Rugby, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Oct. 13 by George Charles Benn, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £362,000. The testator, in the event of the conveyance of April 9, 1894, becoming void by his death within twelve months, gives the Royal George and Dragon Hotel, Rugby, to trustees as an endowment for the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby; and there are gifts of house property to William Charles Bennett, Edward James Pollard, and Frederick Farndon, in acknowledgment of their faithful services. Subject to these gifts he leaves all his real and personal estate to his brother, George Charles Benn.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Forfar, of Mr. Joseph Johnstone Barrie, of the firm of Joseph J. Barrie and Company, merchants, Dundee, who died on July 26, granted to Mrs. Mary Ovenstone, Charles Barrie, and Elizabeth Dargie Barrie, the executors *dative qua* next of kin, was resealed in London on Oct. 15, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £125,000.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. William Henry Harris Hartley, of Rosewarne, Camborne, Cornwall, who died on June 27, intestate, were granted on Oct. 10 to the Rev. George Savile Lunley

Little and James Law Charles Hunter Little, the nephews, and two of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £109,000.

The will (dated March 1, 1892) of Count Eduardo Caprara di Montalba, of Alexandria and Rome, who died on June 23, 1893, was proved in London on Oct. 16 by Arturo Caprara, the brother, Corrado de Laurin, and William Seffer, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testator gives 500 f. each to the European Hospital for the accommodation of poor sick Italians, the Beneficent Society for Poor Italians, and the Indigenous Arab-Egyptian Hospital for poor sick Egyptians, all at Alexandria; 200,000 f. to his wife, Countess Hélène Caprara; his palace, 11, Via Venti Settembre, Rome, with the furniture, pictures, and whatever may be found therein to his son Enrico; 100,000 f. to be divided between his five brothers; and a few other bequests. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Enrico, Alice, Emma, and Lidia, in equal fourth parts.

The will (dated May 19, 1887) of Miss Jane Macgregor, of 37, Bloomsbury Square, who died on Aug. 29 at Brooklands, Tooting Common, was proved on Sept. 26 by Richard David Holland, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her brother-in-law, Mr. R. D. Holland, free of duty. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her sister, Mrs. Mary Jones

Houghton, and her niece, Mrs. Eveline May Frances Mackintosh, in equal shares absolutely.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicils (dated respectively May 16, 1881, Dec. 25, 1883, and May 22, 1886) of Mr. Edinuud Baxter, writer to the signet, auditor of the Court of Session, who died at Cameron House, Edinburgh, granted to Charles Baxter, the son, William Mitchell, Ebenezer Erskine Scott, Charles Smith, the Rev. Arthur Gordon, and Miss Jane Baxter, the daughter; the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 29, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £30,000.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1888), with two codicils (dated March 26, 1892, and April 7, 1893), of Miss Anna Maria Fenn Orde, of 28, St. James's Square, Bath, who died on Aug. 17, at Clevedon, was proved on Oct. 4 by Sir John William Powlett Campbell-Orde, Bart., the nephew, the Rev. Henry Nicholson Ellacombe, and Major Frederick Carne Rasch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix bequeathes £4000 and a further sum of £1200 to her nephew, the said Sir J. W. P. Campbell-Orde; £3000 each to her nieces Eliza Margaret Orde and Beatrice Catherine Orde; £1000 each to her great-nephews Charles Ernest Orde Wilkinson and the Rev. Lancelot Campbell Wilkinson; and many legacies to other members of her family, friends, executors,

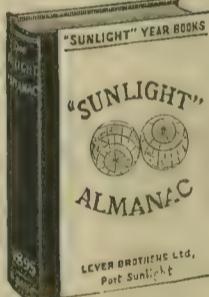
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and servant. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her niece Miss Beatrice Catherine Orde.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1890) of Doña Anna Francesca de Macedo, Baroness de São Diogo, of 1, Rua Farani, Rio de Janeiro, who died on Aug. 11, 1893, was proved in London on Oct. 10 by Alfredo Sergio Teixeira de Macedo, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English court amounting to £7685.

The will (dated May 24, 1894) of Mr. Charles Brandling, of 32, Wilton Place, Belgrave Square, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Oct. 17 by Miss Harriette Emma Brandling, the sister and sole executrix, to whom he gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property absolutely. The value of the personal estate amounts to £4447.

The will of Mr. William Johnson, J.P., Mayor of Chester, 1866, 1875, and 1876, of Broughton Hall, Flintshire, and of Chester, corn-merchant and miller, who died on March 17, was proved on Oct. 11 by Mrs. Mary Johnson, the widow, Alfred Comenius Hills Davies, and John Garnon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8448.

The will of Mr. Frederic Richards Mealy Gosset, J.P., of Portslade, Sussex, who died on March 2, was proved on Oct. 13 by Walter James Payne, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £330.

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OBITUARY.

LORD BASING.

The Right Hon. George Slater-Booth, of Basing-Byflete and Hoddington, in the county of Southampton, first Lord Basing, died on Oct. 22. He was the son of the late Mr. William Lutley Slater, of Hoddington House, Hampshire; and was born in London, May 19, 1826. He was educated at Winchester and Balliol

College, and was subsequently called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. Having assumed the second surname of Booth in 1857, he commenced the representation of North Hampshire in the Conservative interest, and remained in the House of Commons as member for the same constituency for thirty years. He was created a peer July 7, 1887. He married, Dec. 8, 1857, Lydia Caroline, the only daughter of Colonel George Birch, of Clare Park,



Hampshire, who predeceased him in 1881. He is succeeded in the peerage by his eldest son, the Hon. George Limbrey Slater-Booth, a captain of the Royal Dragoons, who was born in 1859.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Hon. Francis Archibald Douglas, Baron Kelhead of Kelhead, in the county of Dumfries, Viscount Drumlanrig, on Oct. 18 by a gun accident while shooting at the estate of Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P., at Quantock. He was raised to the peerage June 26, 1893, and was a Lord-in-Waiting in Ordinary to the Queen.

General Sir David E. Wood, G.C.B., Colonel Commandant Royal Horse Artillery, on Oct. 16, aged eighty-two. He was in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and was Commandant of Woolwich 1866-74.

Professor James Anthony Froude, to whose death extended reference is made on another page, on Oct. 20, aged seventy-six.

Judge William Henry Cooke, Q.C., Recorder of Oxford, who had been a County Court Judge from 1868 to 1888, on Oct. 20, aged eighty-three.

Baron Bildt, a former Premier of Sweden, on Oct. 22, aged seventy-four.

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I remember saying recently that in all my experience I have never known a play that was really a good one and soundly acted, treated with contempt by the public. Good plays have been ruined by bad acting, and excellent acting has won a success for indifferent dramatic work, but a fairly handled subject united to excellent art is almost certain of success. Another curious circumstance in connection with the production of plays is the rarity of the reversal of a first-night verdict. It is tremendously uphill work to drag to success a play that has fallen on the first night, and been treated contemptuously in consequence. But there are exceptions to every rule. If a play has for some good reason been scorned on the first night alike by public and critics, it can only be hauled into notoriety again by deliberate personal advertisement. By this I mean mouth-to-mouth advertisement at business, at the club, at the dinner-table, or where not.

"Have you seen such and such a play, or such and such an actor? Oh! you should go! Never mind the critics, I tell you it is first class." But this kind of publication, as a rule, takes a good deal of time and

energy, and generally the play or the player have "petered out" long before this personal energy can do much good for it. I remember three such strong instances in my career. One was the famous one in 1860 of the success of E. A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin." At the outset the play was comparatively a failure, and the critics were not over-laudatory about the performance of the actor. I was a lad in the War Office at the time, and we used to get up little parties to go to the Haymarket pit and cheer this delightful comic actor. The tide turned just at the right moment, and both Buckstone and Sothern made thousands out of Lord Dundreary. The second instance was the memorable one of "The Private Secretary." It was a failure at the outset. Then the play was shortened, revised, and taken to another theatre, and all the world was talking of Penley's comical curate, first played by Beerbohm Tree. The last striking instance of a delightful play that was within an ace of failing through want of sympathy, and was put on its legs by personal hand-to-mouth advertisement, was "The Professor's Love Story." Here was a case of a pretty little play being nearly strangled at its birth. But the good Dr. British Public recovered the child before its breath was out of its body, and Mr. E. S. Willard's performance soon became a theme for

universal admiration. I earnestly hope that the same fate may attend Mr. Burnand's "A Gay Widow," if only for the sake of the performance of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Gilbert Hare. I have ever disagreed with those who maintained that Mr. Hawtrey was a one-part actor. The ease and naturalness of his style got him into a groove, and, had some managers had their way, he would have been playing bland and mellifluous liars until the last moment of his career.

But he is not a one-part actor, and he can get out of the groove, as has been proved by his performance in "A Gay Widow." There are few more natural actors on the stage. His manner is admirable, his smile persuasive, and his irritability is exactly in the right key. Best of all, his humour is never boisterous. On this occasion he adds to this list of valuable dramatic properties a sense of subtle pathos and delicate cry of the heart. The writing of the letter when the wretched man's wife has left him, at the dictation of her silly mother—the sudden start, the succeeding wave of irritability, and then the sudden access of real grief—this is an instance of Mr. Hawtrey's stage skill, and gives promise of a very important future. And what could be better than the scene where young Gilbert Hare presents with such vivid skill the utter depression and dejection of a loyal boy who is utterly demoralised

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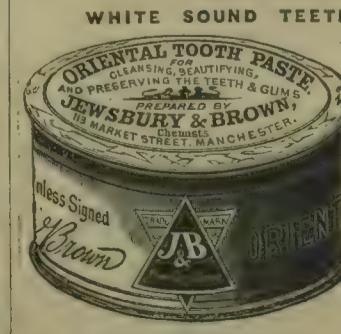
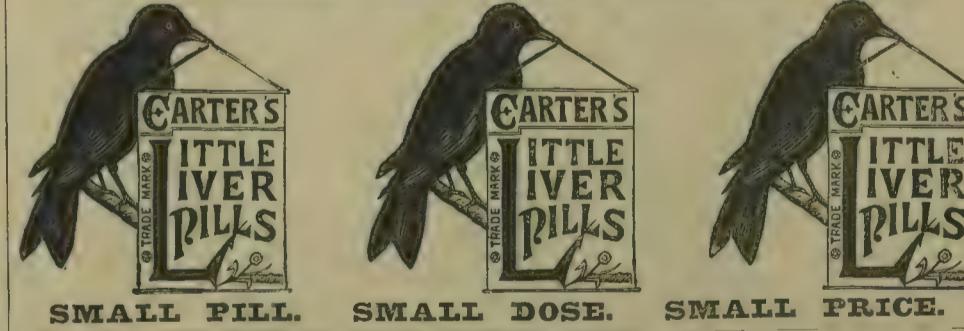
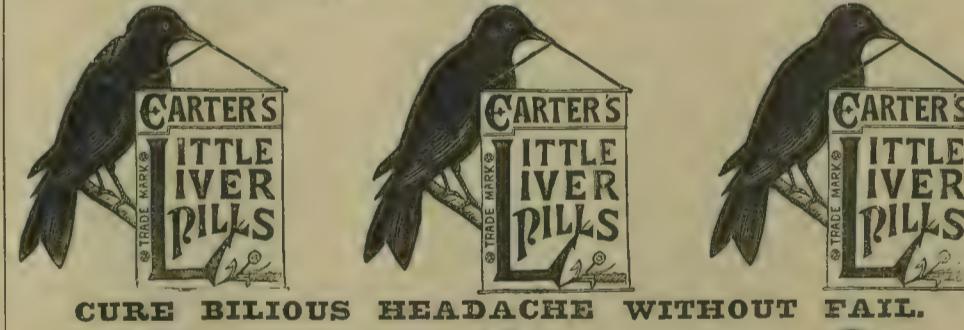
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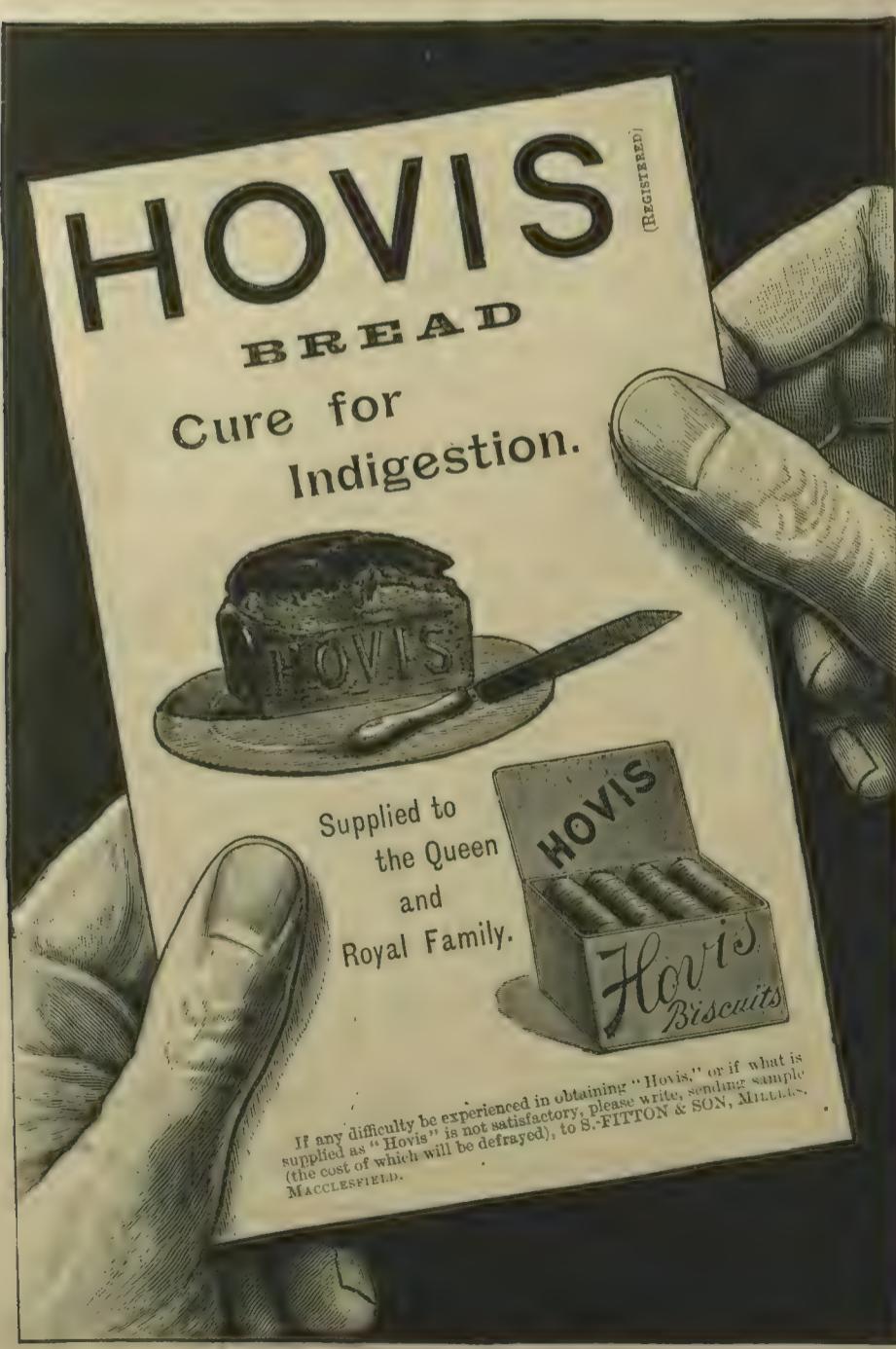
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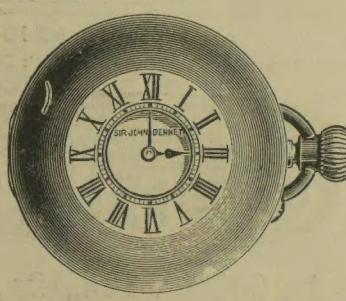
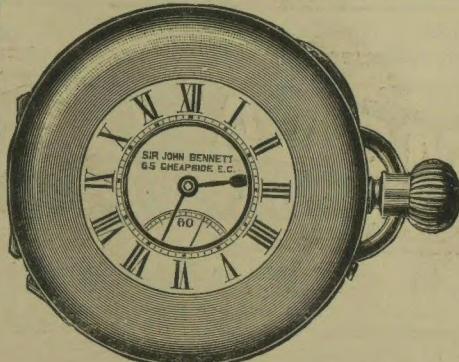
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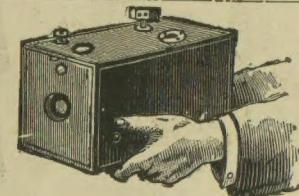


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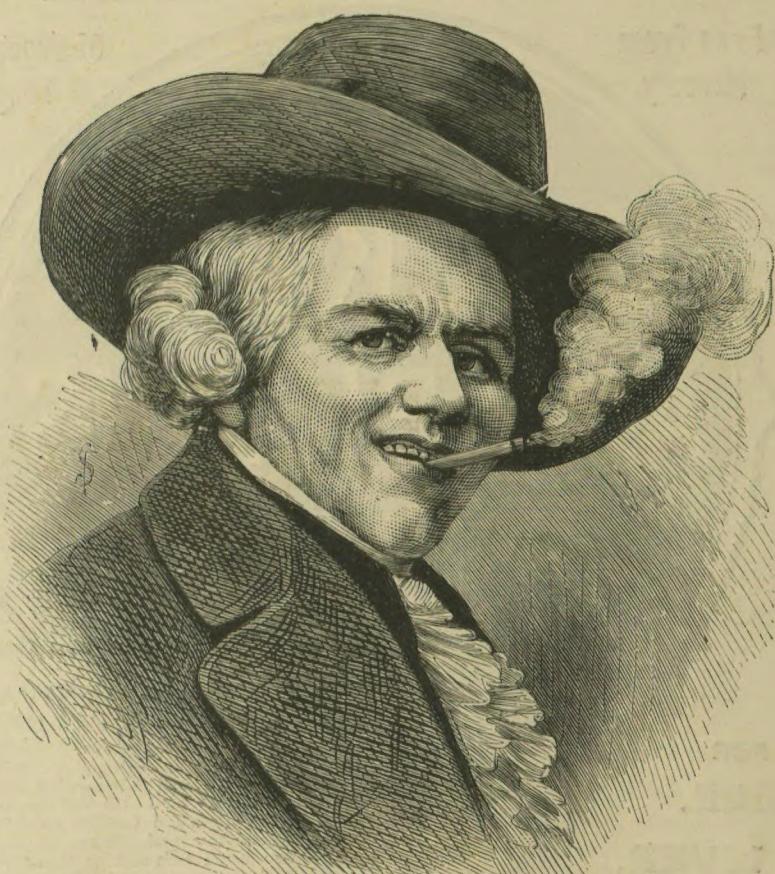
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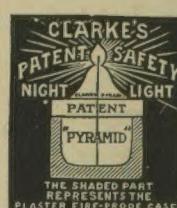


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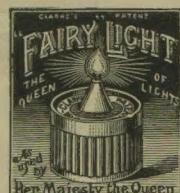
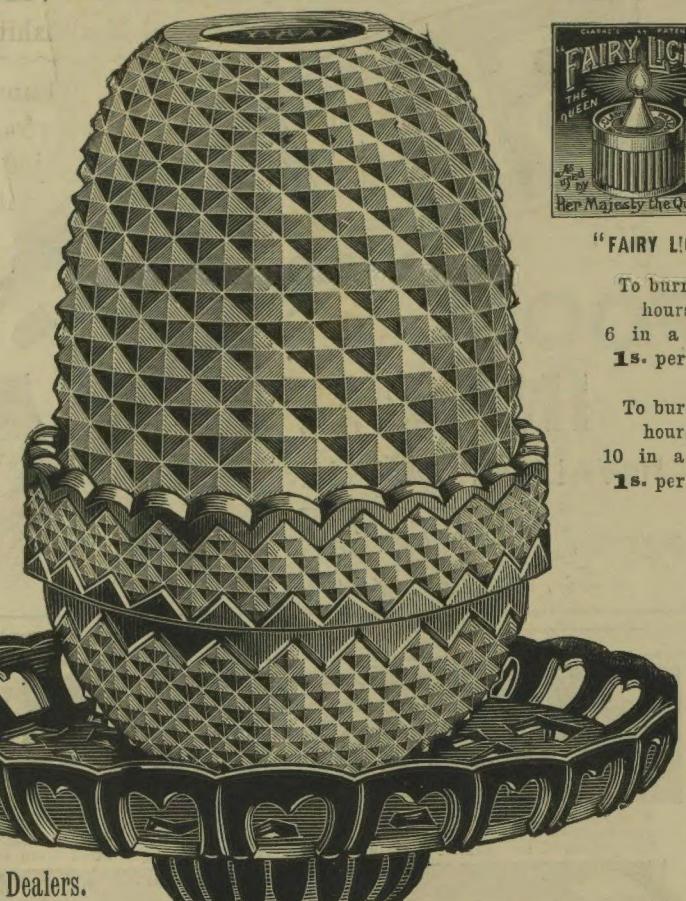
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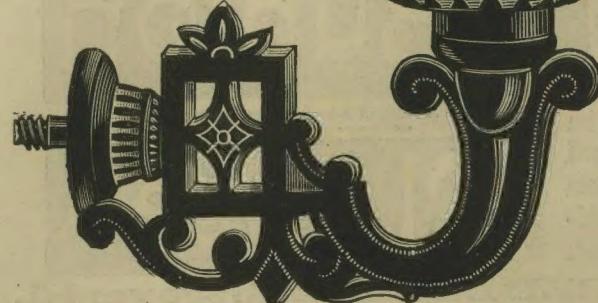


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